The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XIII NO. 24 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1936 TEN CENTS A COPY

IN THIS ISSUE

KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD
Feminine Fiction

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
Reviews "William Jennings Bryan" by Wayne C. Williams

AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS
Reviews "George Eliot" by Blanche Colton Williams

CHARLES P. TAFT
Reviews "City Government" by Daniel W. Hoan

BEN RAY REDMAN
Reviews "The Tavern" by Marguerite Steen

WOMEN WRITERS FOR WOMEN READERS

Top: Kathleen Norris, Alice Duer Miller, Temple Bailey
Bottom: Faith Baldwin, Margaret Widdemer, Margaret Culkin Banning

"Masculine escape literature is not wont to depend for its lure on description of food, millinery, house-and-table decoration, and the spiritual superiority of women to men" . . .

(See page 3)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AYN RAND, Author of "The Night of January 16th"

We the Living

Here is the **REAL** *Russia of today!*

Depicted, not in an academic discussion of political ideology, but in what it did to three human beings who tried to work out their destinies under its red banners and slogans.

Kira Arguonova and the two men who loved her, Leo, the disenfranchised aristocrat, and Andrei, ardent Communist, form the triangle in as poignant a novel as you will recall ever having read.

"A magnificent performance!"—*Gouverneur Morris* $2.50

ELMA GODCHAUX

Stubborn Roots

As ruthless, indomitable a woman as exists in all fiction features this novel of the Louisiana sugar plantations of the '80s and '90s.

"One of those blue-moon novels which prove that novels of the soil can really be colorful. A vital book, sharply arresting, tense with conflict, the work of an accomplished writer. This novel seems to me one of the major books of this season."—*N. Y. Times* $2.50

OLIVE B. WHITE

The King's Good Servant

The story of the "traitor" who was canonized! A realistic story of the last years of Sir Thomas More, Chancellor of England, who, after he had saved his country, was sent to the block for refusing to approve King Henry's divorce. $2.50

LUKE S. MAY

Crime's Nemesis

America's leading criminologist describes the exciting new war being waged by science against crime. He describes in detail many famous cases which were deep mysteries until the scientific detective took them over. A treasure trove for the mystery fan! $2.00

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Feminine Fiction

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

BY feminine fiction, let me say at once, I do not mean "Pride and Prejudice" or "Jane Eyre" or "Wives and Daughters" or "Adam Bede" or "Robert Elsmere" or "Ethan Frome." I mean the fiction created by women writers for women readers; legitimate descendant of the sort of book that, in 1839, Kate Nickleby had to read aloud to Mrs. Wittitterly. Books that you cannot imagine any man's reading for his own pleasure. The product, one might say, of the lady novelist.

The latter half of the nineteenth century was full of lady novelists, some better, some worse: Ouida, Mrs. Alexander, Rhoda Broughton, Miss Braddon, Edna Lyall, "The Duchess," Marie Corelli, Katharine S. Macquoid, and the like. In spite of the political and mental emancipation of the female sex (which includes the right not to blench at atheism, obscenity, or bloodshed) the special demand for the lady novelist's wares continues. The women's magazines do not subsist wholly on cooking receipts, fashions, and lay sermons; they print a great many serials and short stories calculated to appeal to the same subscribers who cut out the receipts, send for the dress patterns, and write to the sob-editor. The spiritual (if not the lineal) granddaughters of the women who delighted in "The Wooing O't," "Red as a Rose Is She," "The Romance of Two Worlds," and "Molly Bawn" are delighting in the works of Kathleen Norris, Alice Duer Miller, Temple Bailey, Faith Baldwin, Margaret Widdemer, and Margaret Culkin Banning—with excursions now and then, no doubt, into Ursula Parrott and Viña Delmar.

Let no one suspect me of accusing the ladies of being the only authors to exploit the field of trash and trimmings. None of them has had so long and unbroken a career in literary delinquency as the late Robert W. Chambers (whose defection to the fleshpots was one of the minor catastrophes of American letters). Let no one think, above all, that I am damning the literature of escape. I am quite conscious of needing it, myself, as much as any one. I am extremely fond of "Tish" and "The Reluctant Duchess," for example, as I was long ago fond of "The Freres" and "Phyllis." There are hours when conscientious realism nauseates the weary brain. In those hours one welcomes escape literature, whether it be the romance or the "yarn."

"THE LATTER HALF OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY WAS FULL OF LADY NOVELISTS."
Top: Ouida, Rhoda Broughton, Edna Lyall; bottom: "The Duchess," Marie Corelli, and Katharine S. Macquoid.

By escape literature one means, I suppose, the fiction that states no vital problem for the fastidious mind to solve, that lays on us no duty of moral selection; fiction that is less vicarious experience than vicarious dreaming. Men, I believe, are as keen for escape literature as women; only they choose a different kind—Sabatini, let us say, or P. C. Wren, or Wodehouse. They, too, welcome at times the morality of the fairy tale and the logic of the lottery. Feminine fiction adds to these the psychology of the window-shopper. Masculine escape literature is not wont to depend for its lure on description of food, millinery, house-and-table decoration, and the spiritual superiority of women to men. But if you can imagine the legendary Ruth Ashmore walking through the advertisements in the *New Yorker*, you have one of the lady novelist's favorite heroines. Drama may lie in her progress from pink ginghams and a daisy chain to metal cloth and emeralds—or sometimes in reverse: from frustration in the Ritz bar to a grand passion in the great open spaces. However it works—whether the heiress falls for the young engineer or the impoverished descendant of Southern aristocrats wins the love and millions of a magnate's son (either formula will do)—be sure that the author will tell you how drawing-rooms are furnished, how women are clothed, and how dinners are served. The wicked ladies will be known to you not by cattiness alone but by their idiosyncrasies of make-up and apparel. They will probably dye their hair orange, wear gold eye-shadow, and entertain their gigolos in madly modernistic interiors. The virtuous female will receive the admiration of all right-thinking people in "a loose, exquisite turquoise velvet wrap" or perhaps in "something white and stiff and transparent, with big puffed sleeves to the elbow, and a long, full skirt, modishly quaint." Or it may be a sports model. When (in one novel) the girl who was loyally waging the fight of duty against passion took train to Boston to meet her crisis, "She wore a dark brown tailored suit and yellow linen blouse and a brown felt hat. Her square, monogrammed purse was brown and matched her narrow alligator pumps." When one heroine and her husband paid, at his insistence, a visit to Circe,

> They were not met by any hostess. Instead, well-mannered servants took their luggage and settled them in a suite of four rooms, gleaming with little chromium horses, with black glass

Next Week

SPARKENBROKE
By CHARLES MORGAN
Reviewed by Wilson Follett

THE PROPHETS OF ISRAEL
By EDITH HAMILTON
Reviewed by Kirsopp Lake

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> walls in whose niches red and gray pseudo-primitive statuettes lurked, for whose baths little jade-colored mermaids . . . were supports and ornaments. . . . The little sitting-room had a painted frieze of wry satyrs chasing elongated nymphs and exaggerated unicorns.

(Virtue, one notes, is apt to haunt colonial architecture, and chintz is morally safest.) When one puritanical heroine casts away her inhibitions, she spends her trust fund money on a gray baby lamb coat, a copper-red evening dress, and a dozen pairs of chiffon stockings at a time. As we follow the regeneration of another maiden, who works back from Lidos and Ritzes to the raw sources of her ancestral fortune, we find her clothes, like her heart, growing simpler. When at last she decides to make her great renunciation, we know only that "they were blue, and she had a plaid scarf." The discarded adoring wife—out of whose adoration, in separation, the novel is built—making ready to see her husband again, after many years, does over her sitting-room, renouncing her accustomed blue tones for "ivory glazed chintz splashed with scarlet flowers." (I spare you the catalogue of her lingerie.)

So much for millinery. Food is a natural preoccupation of the human animal. No one writes about food more inveterately than that very male novelist, Charles Dickens. The difference between food as exploited by writers for men and by writers for women is largely a matter of gusto. Pleasure in food, as described by the masculine novelist, is a physical pleasure; the lavish appeasement of honest appetite. Dickens can make us so hungry, along with his hero, that we feel a vast, vicarious satisfaction in the lowly pork-pie. For the writers of feminine fiction, food has for the most part a social or esthetic, rather than a physical, value. No male author neglects the viands to describe to you the napery, the glass, the china, the flowers, with which the table is adorned. But in feminine fiction, no one is really hungry. The serving of food is more important to the lady novelist than the food itself. Indeed, if you investigate her menus, you are only too apt to find, lurking among the Italian lace, the Wedgewood, the daffodils, and the etched glass, that major crime of American dietitians, a fruit salad. Behind the lady novelist you see the thousands of women who scan, with intent to plagiarize, the photographs in their favorite magazines of "A Spring Luncheon" or "A Formal Dinner for Six." Half the feminine fiction might as well be labelled "Hints for Shoppers." Sophistication and subtlety are proved chiefly—if at all—by purchasable objects.

Is feminine fiction, then, only a glorified mail-order catalogue? Not exactly. Passion, duty, conflict, are there; but the plots seem to issue from, and return to, the movies, and the psychology is as hackneyed as a worn-out theme-song. There is a desperate simplicity of formula. Good novels, as we know, are sometimes built on very common formulæ. Birth, love, death, can contrive the simplest and most overwhelming equations. A good novel does not require a complicated plot. What it does require is the creation, the accurate delineation, of human character. The careless novelist, who does not wish to be bothered with the delicate and difficult job of characterization, must create his complications otherwise. Escape literature for men usually feeds the reader on involved and dramatic incident. The characters may be unreal, but they are infinitely acrobatic. When the careless novelist is a woman, she is apt to fall back on the trickeries and subtleties of dressmaker, decorator, and beauty-parlor. Those of us who read "yarns" and like them, realize always that no man has the agility, the endurance, and the instantaneous wit of the hero. Relishing the incident for its own sake, we do not fash ourselves over nice questions of human probability. I doubt if mature men, reading "yarns," transfer the superhuman adequacy of the hero to their own account. If they are pulled up by it, they probably murmur to themselves, "God made him thus," and go on, assuaged, to his next achievement. No tired business man interrupts the business that tires him, to ape Francis Beeding's Colonel Granby. Feminine fiction is less innocent of narcissism. It seems to hold a mirror before the female reader, to see herself in which, she needs only a little canny assistance from Chanel or Elizabeth Arden or Emily Post.

Is there, then, no place for the mere romance? No place, even, for trappings? He would be presumptuous indeed who would answer "No." It is not my business here to define romance; but I believe I have a right to say that these authors do not seem to me in the true sense romantic. Even as love stories with a happy ending—to reduce romance to terms unfairly low—the books lack something. The successful writer of romances is cunningly consistent. He chooses people with a certain range of emotion and intellect, and proportions his plights to their power of dealing with them. He provides a setting that fits his characters, in which they can naturally and easily exist. He creates an atmosphere that matches his material. His method is a triumph of selection. The lady novelists of our own day seem to me neither realistic nor in the true sense romantic. They distort probability, yet eschew consistency. They dare not—one would say—create a world and abide within its limits, lest they be accused of not knowing something that every up-to-date woman should be aware of. They must be sentimental—yet they must prove that they know how to be hard-boiled. They must show familiarity with both wealth and poverty. They must be admiringly conscious of the simple heart, yet they cannot afford to be ignorant of fashionable perversities. The result is anything but romantic consistency. Their salute to realism, on the other hand, usually consists in presenting a catalogue stuffed with verifiable objects. It is, indeed, a prevailingly materialistic literature. As the chief purpose of the American lady novelist is to flatter her sex, to permit each woman to see herself in the heroine, the novelist is practically forced to outfit the heroine in such a way that she can be easily copied. To copy personality means effort; it means, even,

(*Continued on page* 15)

Country of Patterns

By LIONEL WIGGAM

MINE was a country of dark, repeated patterns
With buzzards above it, swelling along the wind,
And geese that waddled across it like grey slatterns,
And brush in the fields that sprang undisciplined.

In April the ditches would fill and drown the road.
Each year the meadow became more rank with reeds.
No bird-song was this country's music: the toad
Shrilled on despondently among the weeds.

And the forests were brooding places where reluctant sun
Pursued a tight vortex to touch the ground.
Amid these grey interiors I would run,
Where a footstep on sodden mosses made no sound.

And all I shall ever know, I discovered there:
Where the buzzard achieved a sullen altitude,
Where the sun was a lusterless brightness on dry air,
And the earth was a pattern somberly pursued.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by The Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Vol. XIII, No. 24, April 11, 1936. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Wreath for Bryan

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN. By Wayne C. Williams. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, who dictated the policies and with one exception named the candidates of the Democratic party from 1896 until 1920, was a Populist. He was never a Jeffersonian Democrat. His economic creed required a strongly centralized Hamiltonian federal government to implement it. But in the sense that Bryan believed in the common man and in his economic equality before the law, and in the sense that he believed in the open door of economic opportunity for all, he harked back to Jefferson. Since the July day in 1896 when Bryan delivered at the Democratic national convention in Chicago the speech which brought the Populist platform into the Democratic party as its fundamental creed, Bryan's shadow has never grown less in length or in umbrage in his party and in the land. It is fair to say that in the history of American government no man has so completely dominated the political and social thinking of his party and the country as William Jennings Bryan. Of course, Washington and Lincoln tower above him as heroes. Jackson today is more widely revered than Bryan. But Washington, Jackson, and Lincoln are myths. And Bryan is more surely alive today as the dominating spirit of the White House under the second Roosevelt than he was when they laid him down to rest in Arlington on a summer day in 1925.

Half a dozen books have been written about him and he left an autobiography which told little about him that was really and essentially revealing. M. R. Werner and Paxton Hibben have made pictures of Bryan and his time, and in each book is much revealing fact and each contains a point of view about Bryan, Werner's more or less sympathetic, Hibben's, on the whole, hyper-critical from the left wing. Both books will be indispensable when the really great biographer of Bryan comes. Mr. Williams's biography is not the last word about Bryan. Mr. Williams paints the perfect Bryan. It is friendship's garland laid upon his tomb. Yet better than either Mr. Werner or Mr. Hibben this old friend understands Bryan. His research has been painstaking and intelligent. But it is in no sense a portrait of the man. It is a defense of his creed, of his public policies and positions, and presents a painstaking and at times passionate answer to Bryan's enemies.

Certainly the book is timely, for to understand the Roosevelt of today and the Roosevelt policies of 1936 one must go back to the Populists of the middle nineties, to Bryan in Lincoln, Nebraska, when he ran for Congress with the endorsement of the Populists and was opposed by the Cleveland Democrats.

Populism in that day from 1890 to 1896 in its economic phases favored fiat money, the control of the trusts, the regulation of railroads, taxation as a measure of social justice, tariff for revenue only, a system of currency in banking as nearly prophetic of the present system as it would be possible to imagine a generation ahead, and all the regulation and control of Wall Street with its money power which Franklin Roosevelt is trying to achieve. On the political side the Populists favored as did Bryan the direct primary, the direct election of United States senators, the initiative and referendum which then was untried and now is operating in

BRYAN AS A COLONEL IN THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

nearly half the American states, the secret ballot, the limitation and publicity for election expenses, the elimination of child labor, the regulation of the hours of labor, and all that Roosevelt is trying to do today in the way of giving labor organizations the support of government in their battle for economic justice.

Populism did not spring full panoplied from the brain of Bryan. He accepted what he found, rejected little, and took it into the Democratic convention where under a fusion arrangement with the Populists in 1896 he wiped out the Populists by absorption and lashed them to his chariot through two campaigns. Then after his defeat in 1900 the assassination of William McKinley made Theodore Roosevelt president. Roosevelt had assailed Bryan bitterly in 1896, and still more bitterly in 1900 when Roosevelt was running for vice president and Bryan was a candidate for president. Nevertheless as early as the late eighties Theodore Roosevelt was writing essays for the more dignified magazines, the *Atlantic*, the *North American Review*, *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, and other highly respectable publications, attacking the evils of intrenched plutocracy in the best Harvardese. Being Rooseveltian these attacks on entrenched capital were not aloof and detached after the Harvard manner but at times deliberately impassioned. So before the first half of the first decade of the twentieth century the Roosevelt policy blossomed where Bryan's banner fell. When Bryan was denied a Democratic nomination in 1904 and Roosevelt carried the Republican banner it was Roosevelt who was attacking the trusts, Roosevelt who would regulate the railroads, Roosevelt who was sending chills up and down the back of the American plutocracy. "Roosevelt," men said, "has stolen Bryan's clothes." He gave them a fashionable cut and wore them until 1916. But in 1912 Bryan in the Democratic convention at Baltimore triumphed over the plutocracy and put Wilson in the White House.

So Bryan, who was secretary of state under Wilson, rose in the garment which he always called his "stovepipe hat" to the zenith of his respectability only to fall when he advocated a peace policy of neutrality almost exactly like the neutrality defined twenty years later by Franklin Roosevelt. It was Bryan's sad fate to be ever the voice crying in the wilderness, or perhaps a better figure, the Moses who was denied the Promised Land. It is this Bryan triumphant whom Mr. Williams celebrates in his book. This Bryan in Mr. Williams's story stands on his feet and lives—but as a plaster cherub with creaking wings before he assumes the memorial bronze.

Bryan surely was of the soil. He never appealed to that group known as the intellectuals in all his long career. He was physically, mentally, spiritually democratic in the sense that one hears of "the great unwashed democracy." He was unwashed of mind and spirit, a sort of primitive, highly emotional, sensitive to the "lower lights that gleam across the wave." With a prescient vision he saw into the heart of many a political truth to which his contemporaries were blind. Yet he was guided by no inner light in his educational equipment which was mediocre, not by self-education which stopped when he left college, probably not from the association of men with great minds. Yet somehow out of the very common people whom he understood and who loved him he gathered with rare clairvoyance—in America unequalled—a sense of the truth about American politics if not the drift of public sentiment which made him unquestionably a major statesman of his day and generation.

William Allen White, editor of the Emporia Gazette, *has been the friend and acquaintance of presidents and presidential candidates through many administrations.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drama in Andalusia

THE TAVERN. By Marguerite Steen. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

DO you remember the good old musical comedy days when the brothers Shubert were busy bringing Spain to Broadway? When selected senoritas from Hoboken, Bangor, and Omaha, complete with ravishing shawls, mantillas, fans, and towering combs, cavorted in routines more Spanish than the Spanish? When romantic intrigue tied itself up in knots for two-hours-and-a-half, and came abruptly untied in two minutes? When no expense was spared, and a good time was had by all?

It all comes back, as one begins to read this novel of concentrated local color and vaulting imagination by the English author of "Matador." Here, against the familiar backdrop, are Don Florio and Don Joaquin to start the story going, and with their opening colloquy the plot thickens, visibly. Don Florio is a tavern keeper, and Don Joaquin is a gallant young lawyer of Granada. The latter is enamoured of a lady of high degree—none other than Maria Fedriani, wife of the aristocratic Alfredo—who has so far forgotten her marriage vows as to crave a secret rendezvous with her potential lover. She is prepared to give all, but where can all be given discreetly? Don Florio's tavern has an upper room, with a separate entrance. Don Joaquin suggests, with infinite tact, that this room might be reserved for certain private occasions; and Don Florio, with tact no less infinite, and already intent upon the calculation of his probable bill, is acquiescent. But Don Florio has a wife, Maria Teresa, whose eye for the main chance is even keener than his, and who believes in the dividends of respectability. Never, never, will she permit her precious tavern on the Albaicin hill to be used as a house of convenience. We shall see, says Don Florio. And the comedy is on, with complications that involve the fate of a young matador, a borrowed fighting suit worth a thousand pesetas, and the charms of the young matador's sister, the fair Consuelo.

But it speedily becomes apparent that Miss Steen, despite her stage-set and her cast of characters, is intent, not upon writing a musical comedy book, but upon producing fiction of psychological, and even physiological, significance. Beneath the surface movement of the plot (beneath the frustrated affair of Don Joaquin and Maria Fedriani, the embroilment of Maria Teresa and El Bailarin, and the pursuit of the virtuous Consuelo by the amorous Don Florio) lies the love-that-has-turned-to-hatred of the tavern keeper and his still beautiful wife; and the author asks that we should become seriously interested in their mutual tragedy. Don Florio, it seems, was less pure than he might have been when he won the luscious waiting woman of the marquesa de Aranda. In the euphemistic phraseology of yesterday's drama, he was damaged goods; and his bride has had to pay for his folly, or his bad luck, with the loss of her womanhood. They have both had to pay by enduring, side by side, in daily and nightly proximity, twenty years of hell. The story of these years, as seen in retrospect, and the final resolution of their tragic problem, is the essential story of "The Tavern."

But, you will exclaim, this is no Shubert fable! It is not, and it should never have been framed in the all too familiar musical comedy setting. Psychological drama, with roots that are dark and clinical, does not belong in Andalusia (even an Andalusia brought down to post-revolutionary date) that is no more substantial than the painted scenery that lies mouldering in Cain's warehouse. Nor can such drama be incarnated in characters that are alien to an author and but conventionally imagined. Miss Steen would doubtless insist that her Andalusia has been accurately observed and honestly recreated, and that her characters are more than puppets of the Spanish song-and-dance variety. Certainly she has tried to make them more, but in the opinion of one reviewer, at least, it was a vain and misdirected effort. "The Tavern" is entertaining enough when it is meant to be entertaining, and it is constructed with sufficient skill, through much of its length, to make the reader wish to know what happens next; but when it seeks to probe deeply into human nature, and to be most affecting, it cannot be taken seriously. The accents of a Brieux, however solemn, fall meaninglessly upon the ear when one's eyes are held by an electric moon, stage right, above the canvas mountains of Granada.

Francis Hackett's Novel of Ireland

THE GREEN LION. By Francis Hackett. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by MURIEL STERRY

WE meet Jerry Coyne, son of a "spoiled priest" and the farmer's lovely if slightly exhibitionist daughter, for the first time when, at the age of seven, he is leaving the idle ease of his Uncle Matt's farm at Corduff to live in Uncle Humphrey's "stark" home in the city of Kilkenny. Eleven years later we see the last of him on the deck of the Dublin-to-Liverpool steamer, bound for America and freedom. Of course he is saying farewell to Erin—it wasn't "Eire" in the nineties—"to Ireland, a mysterious person to whom he owed his inner self, for the sake of tenderness, for beauty and for courage . . . and his heart, the heart at eighteen, was so torn he could hardly stand it." Which being so, it is perhaps strange that the thought of staying behind and seeing the coming struggle through never seems to have entered his head. A pity that, for then he might have been present at the obsequies of Cathleen-ni-Houlihan, me poor ould Granuaile and Deirdre of the Sorrows who left us Easter, 1916. Would they might rest in peace.

Between those eleven years, for 337 interminable pages, we have the story of Jerry's youth,—his struggles between fear and desire,—his political education at the hands of Humphrey Laracy, editor of a Kilkenny paper, himself an ardent Parnellite, who inspired the child with a passion for the Chief,—his schooling with the Christian Brothers and the Jesuits,—his frustrations and disappointments,—his discovery of love and of sex. In fact we are spared none of the fancies and

FROM THE JACKET OF "THE TAVERN"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phobias of a badly introverted and self-centered boy, "the victim of rather serious psychic shocks" and of erotic preoccupations while studying Euclid. Is it surprising that our hero is gradually weaned from adherence to the Catholic Church? And the pity of it is that this calamity might have been avoided had not one of the Jesuit Fathers suffered from indigestion.

This could have been a grand book. Ireland in the nineties provides admirable material. It was a time of strong passions and violent political feeling. Arthur Griffiths was already getting a hold on the people and the revolution was actually in stealthy progress.

It was a great chance for character largely seen and for emotion poignantly expressed. Instead, "The Green Lion" is a dull and rather shoddy account of the times, lacking color and sharp characterization and seldom evoking a scene in which men and women of flesh and blood live before us. It rings no bell in my imagination for it takes more than a sprinkling of "avics" and "alannas," of "stookauns" and "boyos," throughout the pages of a book about Ireland, to give it reality at this late date.

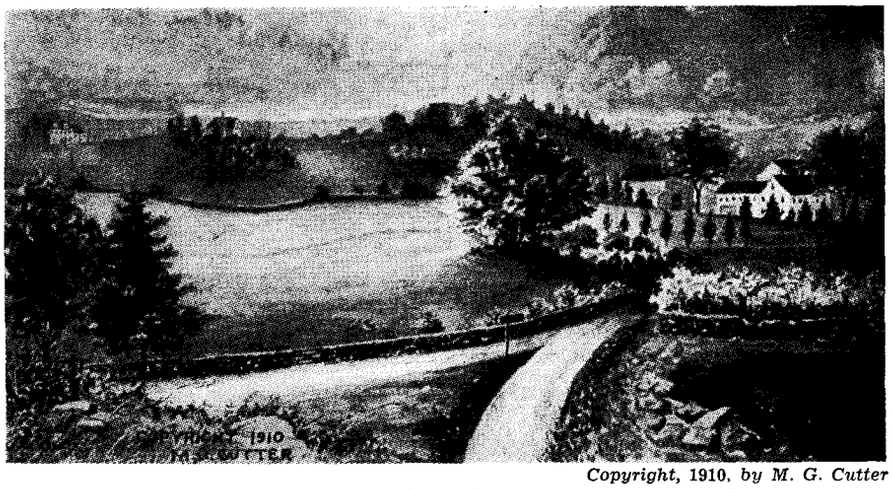
The truth is that Mr. Hackett is here concerned not with people, but with ideas. His theses are the asphyxiating power of the Catholic Church in Ireland and the unceasing vigil of Venus. And it would take a Bunyan to do them justice.

I can conceive of this book being regarded as a tract in defence of Jesuit education, for, although Mr. Hackett's heaviest artillery is brought to bear on the Jesuit educational system, the strange thing is that the enemy seems to be blown into his position rather than out of it. And the criticisms which Mr. Hackett levels against the Irish educational system are equally applicable to any other school in the world,—whether Eton, Andover, or Pforta,—for in each of these schools half-baked clay like our hero would be held in need of formal educational discipline.

When Mr. Hackett wails that "women as human beings . . . women as the other side of a complicated experiment in humanity, no, they had no direct part in this education of male adolescents," one is irresistibly reminded of the words which Max Beerbohm puts into the mouth of George Moore, "There are times when one does not think of girls, are there not, dear reader?"

There are more voices to be heard from Ireland than those to which Jerry listened in imagination as Howth Head dropped out of sight,—"the geese in a green field and the pigeons of an autumn evening." But as long as America welcomes this kind of thing, America will get this kind of thing. Why not call a halt?

Muriel Sperry, who was born and spent her early life in Dublin, is the wife of Willard L. Sperry, Dean of the Harvard Divinity School.



Copyright, 1910, by M. G. Cutter

BROOK FARM BUILDINGS. *From "Theodore Parker."*

A Crusader in a Happy Age

THEODORE PARKER, YANKEE CRUSADER. By Henry Steele Commager. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by TOWNSEND SCUDDER, 3D

"I HAVE not attempted . . . to write a full-dress biography . . . I have not tried to include, in this book, everything that is known about Parker," remarks Mr. Commager in his pleasantly modest preface. Yet he has managed to convey interestingly those highlights in the crowded years of Theodore Parker which made him one of the noteworthy creators of that vigorous golden age of America preceding the Civil War. We follow with sympathy and admiration the story of Parker's career from its emergence out of the tough, character-making soil of rural New England. We see him as minister at West Roxbury, well-liked and respected by his parishioners, who were blissfully unaware that in the outer world his heterodoxy was gaining a notoriety which attained amazing magnitude in the broad fields of a supposedly creedless Unitarianism. But while this doubtful fame robbed him for a time of the privilege of exchange which permitted Unitarian ministers to speak in parishes other than their own, yet it brought increasing opportunities to fill a role as popular lecturer.

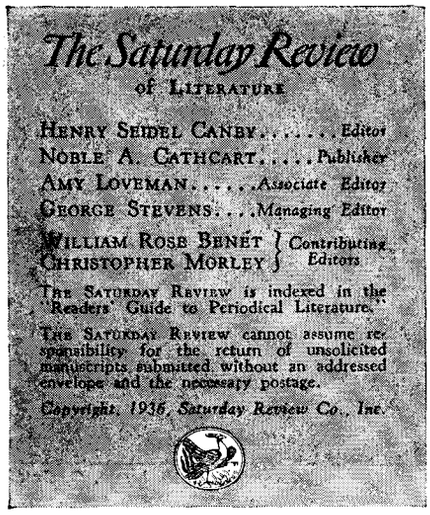
And presently the church barriers were broken down when, in 1845, a group of liberal Bostonians, organizing themselves as the nucleus of what was to become the largest parish in the city, resolved "That the Rev. Theodore Parker shall have a chance to be heard in Boston." His quarrel with conservative Unitarianism lay chiefly in his conviction that pedantic intellectualism was killing a religion which must derive its life through the divinely perceiving soul of man. Miracles, the Scriptures, the Church, even Christ himself, were not essentials of religion—what really counted was moral truth, innate in each individual, and the Infinite Perfection of God. "T. P. has beautiful fangs, and the whole amphitheatre delights to see him worry and tear his victim," Emerson, who had started the whole thing with his Divinity School address, dryly remarked from the sidelines.

Yet Parker, though earnest in his ministry, conceived of his mission as extending far beyond the limits of mere preaching of religion. He was a crusader in that happy age which had faith in man's perfectibility. A practical citizen, a realist, he sought to direct his reforming zeal into constructive channels. Prison reform, outlawry of capital punishment, restraint of selfish industrialism, commanded his energies. And presently the great cause of Abolition.

But before he died he had become a power in the land, a telling symbol of the times. Energetic, forward-looking, not always very wise, not always clearly discerning, not always free from self-pity when on the unpopular side, not always free from egotism, he was on fire with that belief in progress and enlightenment which carried America into her majority. He had contributed to *The Dial* and edited the *Massachusetts Quarterly Review*. He had written many books and projected many more which his reckless dissipation of energy left unwritten. He had moved many people.

These things, and more, Professor Commager unfolds in his interesting narrative. For the most part the writing is pleasing and easy, travelling at a pace slow enough to permit one to see the details which make up the scene. At times, to be sure, the biographer whips himself into a breathless vehemence which injures rather than heightens his dramatic materials. But the clear, abstract, discerning estimate of Parker's character with which the book closes alone would make it worth the reading.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


The Saturday Review
of Literature
Henry Seidel Canby . . . . . Editor
Noble A. Cathcart . . . . Publisher
Amy Loveman . . . . . Associate Editor
George Stevens . . . . Managing Editor
William Rose Benét } Contributing
Christopher Morley } Editors
The Saturday Review is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."
The Saturday Review cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.
Copyright, 1936, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

Trivial to Youth

WE have referred before in these columns to the new literary adjective, which has become a favorite term of criticism especially in leftist circles. "Trivial" is the word. A book that deals with young love in a dream world is trivial. So is a novel that neglects the undercurrent of economic stress and social discontent while the author writes as if the follies, the charms, the strengths and weaknesses of human nature were still a legitimate theme for a serious artist. So is any writing not tendentious, social, collectivist in nature. Gentlemen and ladies who write (like their ancestors) upon the gymnastics of their egoes are particularly trivial. Sterne if he wrote today would be called trivial by these extremists; one hesitates to think of the superlative which would be applied to a Pater or an Oscar Wilde!

An opposite tendency, equally significant, has been evident in recent correspondence,* addressed to this magazine. Reviews in which the writers have put their own opinions on the air, have been condemned as lacking objectivity. When the theme of the book under review has stirred the wrath or the enthusiasm of the critic, until his own mood reflected not the cool indifference of the scientific analyst but rather the tension of conflicting opinion in which most of us in this tense year have moved and had our being, there has been always some correspondent to object that radicalism, liberalism, conservatism have no place in criticism. The job of a reviewing medium is to say what books are and whether they are good or bad, not why the reviewer personally is moved to anger or applause by the implications of their social philosophies.

All this means clearly just one thing. The era of tolerance for underlying differences of political faith is rapidly passing. One section of the public would have all criticism, and probably all literature, controversy. Another section takes a position equally extreme. They would have a reviewing journal ignore the growing partisanship of current books, and either stick to what it was the fashion a few years ago to call pure literature, undisturbed by the breezes of contemporaneity, or if controversial books must be reviewed, see to it that the reviewers keep their own opinions in water-tight compartments while they analyze their books with complete objectivity.

Here are two fallacies: the first being that every hope, fear, pain, or pleasure not concerned with current controversy is trivial; the second that it is possible to keep an emotional or intellectual bias (whether radical or conservative) out of criticism.

And yet an observer must feel deep sympathy with the motives which deeply underlie these very human attitudes.

For most of us just now that think at all are either hangers-on or casters-off. We are hangers-on to what is left of a stable world where differences of opinion were not dangerous, when the past was still valuable because it had been successful, and the present approved because its pressure upon our private lives was slight. Or we are casters-off from a complacent era that expected to go on indefinitely,—come-outers ready to suffer any inconvenience if we are allowed to take seriously those maladjustments of society which were so comfortably hidden under use and wont until the war exposed them to our winter of discontent. In general, the generation now in its forties and above are hangers-on, the generation in its twenties and early thirties are casters-off.

And it is no abatement of the principles stated above to say that strong sympathy must go out to youth. For youth in this country, whether left, right, or middle, is clearly suffering from too much triviality in the appeals to its imagination. Our young men and women in vast majority are strongly opposed to the mass-enthusiasms, mass-propagandizings, and mass-prejudices of youth under the dictatorships. There is no indication that they long to be voted 99% for a given ideology, or yearn to beat Jewish professors, call their parents bourgeois bacteria, or yield up their freedom of thought in the interest of a militaristic machine. And yet, there must be and there is an intense desire among young men and women whose youth has been spent in the greed and folly of the boom, the anarchy of the depression, the experiments and the recriminations of the New Deal era,—there is certainly an intense desire to be part of an upsurge of real patriotism, which rises above caution and profit making, above war-mongering and Red-chasing, above demagoguery and political incapacity, to some plane of thought and action where the individual is swept with his fellows along a road whose terminal is more inspiring than a fortune, a safe job, or the victory of a party whose platform is only stay-in or get-in. To these millions much that is printed, said, and done now must seem trivial. And if their radical left speaks loudest just now in terms that are often absurd and sometimes merely violent, that does not mean that the right and middle have not their own strong feelings, so far largely inarticulate, but likely to be impressive when expressed.

Light from the Past

Historians and novelists in search of background material should keep an eye on the mass of data which is being collected by the literature division of the W.P.A. In preparation for the national guide book old letters, personal reminiscences, documents of all sorts are being gathered together with a view to their ultimate sifting and allocation to the various publications which are in project. Americans are in the habit of thinking of the United States as being uniform in the main essentials of its culture and attitudes. Such studies as these which are now being made ought to cast interesting light on diversities of population and manners and to yield material on the basis of which the prejudices and predilections of various localities can be gauged. The political as well as the social complexion of any section is conditioned not alone by the needs and inclinations of its present but by the inheritance from a past which at first blush may seem utterly removed from the ways of the day. So, too, civilization at any given moment is a blending of well defined folkways with the idiosyncrasies of individuals or groups. Out of the heterogeneous mass of material which the W.P.A. workers are gathering the selective instinct of the historian or novelist should be able to pick out strands of conduct and action which will be illuminating to a high degree.

Ten Years Ago

In an early Spring issue in 1926, The Saturday Review observed in an editorial entitled "Fear" that "*we live in crowds and crowds are cowardly*" . . . and that it is wrong to refuse "*the testimony of science where facts will tell the story. . . . If we are going to be cowards in our books, we shall be used as cowards deserve, and our trimming in the long run will cost us heavily in cold cash as well as in the advance of civilization.*"

This was a year before the appearance of "Your Money's Worth" by Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink, one of the first books to warn the consumer.

Today

On page 14 of this issue, Yandell Henderson reviews "American Chamber of Horrors" and "Guinea Pigs No More," two recent books dealing with the protection of the consumer.

* Some of which will be published next week or later.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *In Defense of "We in Captivity"*

Ernest Boyd's Review

SIR:—The review of Kathleen Pawle's novel, "We in Captivity," by Ernest Boyd, in your issue of March 21 is puzzling to me in view of Mr. Boyd's reputation as a critic. Frank Harris was fond of saying that "a critic should be a starfinder, not a fault finder." Mr. Boyd's review is given over to finding faults, mostly trivial faults, and to careless or wilful misconstructions of the author's plain intent.

For example, he points out, as indicating the novel's lack of authenticity, that the name of Thomas MacDonagh, who is referred to casually two or three times, is misspelled and that "Miss Pawle has become so Americanized" that she allows her Irish people to say "on" a street instead of "in" a street. These comments, to borrow a phrase from James Joyce, "have the true academic stink." Inaccuracies, of course, should not occur. But what bearing have they on the essential qualities of a book?

Mr. Boyd thinks it "strange that Blackrock College is transparently Gallicized as 'Rochenoir.'" What is strange about it? Blackrock College served as a model for Rochenoir College; but Rochenoir is not and was not intended to be a literal picture of Blackrock. The propriety of veiling slightly a real name in such circumstances is, I know, debatable; but isn't this a petty point to raise?

As an indication of the lack of reality in the novel Mr. Boyd quotes an example of "the way Miss Pawle makes a Meath pedlar's daughter talk." It is made plain in the book that the girl and her father come from Munster and that she is an intensely imaginative child. Later in the book, when she is more grown up, she has got over that and talks more like an ordinary Meath girl of her class. It is not unusual for highly imaginative children to talk in terms of stories that appeal strongly to them. This is an inconsequential detail.

He cites a scene in which "the two children proceed to make love passionately, the girl being naked." This statement is a masterpiece of suggestive misrepresentation. In the scene referred to the girl pulls off her only garment to put over the poor old woman who is shaking in the death throes. The boy wants to run for a priest; she is determined to prevent him and proceeds to do so forcibly. In the ensuing struggle—for the most part a typical kids' roughhouse—the girl, with an instinctive but still vague understanding of the lure of sex, puts the boy's hand on her breast and kisses him once, awakening in him the first stirrings of desire. That is all the love-making there is in the scene. And that is what Mr. Boyd calls making "passionate love."

He summarizes the story of the "six boys at Blackrock (excuse me, Rochenoir) College," who are under the domination of "a most repulsive character, apparently the very model of a modern Irish patriot." I haven't the faintest notion what "the very pattern of a modern Irish patriot" might be like, although I know and have known many modern Irish patriots, including Mr. Eamonn DeValera, and they are all as unlike one another as any equal number of men you might pick at random anywhere. I do know, however, that the "repulsive character" aforesaid is not presented as a pattern of anything. He is presented simply for what he is: a young monomaniac. Why did Mr. Boyd choose to cite this character as "apparently the very pattern of a modern Irish patriot" when the author shows her admiration for Pearse and Connolly?

"As in 'Shake Hands With the Devil' there is much glorification of gore," says Mr. Boyd. There are several gory episodes in the book, as there were in the Irish rebellion, but no glorification of gore. It should not be unknown to Mr. Boyd that in the stress and peril of warfare boys and men often do things, heroic and the reverse, which in ordinary circumstances they would not be capable of doing.

My interest in this matter arises, obviously, from the fact that I helped Miss Pawle in the writing of the book and from the fact that I am her husband. I am an Irishman. I was born and reared in Athboy, Co. Meath, which served as a model for Moyrath in the book. I spent ten years at Blackrock College. I was at Blackrock mixing with boys from all parts of Ireland when Mr. Boyd was being educated in Switzerland and Germany. So possibly I know as much about Moyrath and Rochenoir as Mr. Boyd does. It is even possible that I know as much as he does about the people of Ireland.

Apart from questions of literal accuracy or inaccuracy, literal reality or unreality, on which Mr. Boyd's review chiefly dwells, he has misread Miss Pawle's story entirely and missed its essential meaning; which he might not have done if he had read it with a little more sympathy and less of an eye out for things to find fault with.

DERMOT DARBY.

New York City.

"I'M GETTING FRANCIS BACON TO GHOST WRITE MY NEXT PLAY."
(*Addenda to Literature: Number* 8)

Four Dollar Words

SIR:—Ernest Boyd's review of Kathleen Pawle's "We in Captivity" in your issue of March 1st seems to me one of the poorest reviews I have ever read. We can excuse his four dollar words, "autochthonous" and "composmograph" (should this not be composograph?). But how can he expect an Irish novel to be free from "makebelieve?"

I am wondering if Mr. Boyd may not have had a surfeit of books on Ireland.

JOSHUA W. SMITH.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Attack Not Wasted

SIR:—I have read with interest in *The Saturday Review* of March 21st Mr. Boyd's review of Miss Pawle's recent novel "We in Captivity." I shall buy the book, of which I learned only through your columns, because of the intemperate notice. Granting his erudition in the field of contemporary writing, it is difficult not to feel that the critic becomes bitter on confrontation with creative effort in a field in which he himself was unable to reach self-expression. One is inevitably led to the reading of the book in assurance that so vitriolic an attack would not, in this day of literary mediocrity, have been wasted on an insignificant work.

SPAULDING FRAZER.

Newark, N. J.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Career of George Eliot

GEORGE ELIOT. By Blanche Colton Williams. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

IN this biography by Miss Blanche Colton Williams the serious author of "Middlemarch" and "Daniel Deronda" is seen in all the soberness of her own grey moiré gown. Steadily and quietly the reader follows the career of Mary Ann Evans. At first she is a little girl driving about the lanes in a high trap, the rug well tucked round her legs; then at work in her father's farm kitchen. The reader sees the young girl's passion for learning finding an outlet in translating the work of obscure mid-Victorian German philosophers—a task more back-breaking than churning when the butter will not come. In the eighteen-forties she suffers all the doubts and agonies over religion which no thinking Victorian could escape. When she is thirty, Marian (as she now calls herself) sees her father die, a little saddened by his belief that his daughter's religious faith is not perhaps entirely orthodox, and the slightly alarming young woman is free at last. She spends the first of the little money he has left her upon a holiday on the Continent, and then sets daringly up in London to earn her living by becoming a "literary reviewer."

GEORGE ELIOT
Photo by Sophus Williams

Her first work of this kind is characteristic. She writes a notice of a book entitled "The Progress of the Intellect" for an organ which had been founded by Jeremy Bentham. Later she is given a hand in the venture of issuing an enlarged version of the *Westminster Review* and helps to draw up the prospectus.

> In the department of general literature the criticism will be animated by desire to elevate the standard of public taste in relation both to artistic perfection and moral purity.

As assistant editor she worked sixteen hours a day. Carlyle, Robert Browning, Herbert Spencer, Harriet Martineau, Louis Blanc, Cardinal Newman, Tyndale, and Huxley were among the writers or notables who were to be met at parties and perhaps persuaded to write for the paper.

Working thus and in this society, Miss Evans was rash enough to fall in love successively with two outstanding ineligible gentlemen.

> Herbert Spencer, destined to earcaps and priggishness, nearly deserves the epithet "cad" in relation to Marian Evans. . . . After meeting her, he was attentive enough to suggest to even a less susceptible woman that he hoped to marry her. He admired her intellect, he found her a pleasant companion, and he often walked with her . . . and escorted her to opera and theater. They were nearly of an age, he a year younger, with common interests; and they had a delightful comradeship. Spencer went so far as to bring his father to see Marian, whom the elder Spencer immediately liked, so there was no parental objection; but the wary bachelor had no intention of getting caught.

The difficulties of her second entanglement were of a different sort and existed because the date was 1852. They sprang chiefly from the fact that George Henry Lewes was already married to a wife who had chosen to go and live with somebody else; but partly from the circumstance that "the little man" was, at first at any rate, more of a Bohemian and a free-thinker than the learned and provincial Marian Evans. He was, moreover, ugly and had bright red hair.

> When Marian Evans was introduced to him in Jeff's bookshop—appropriate place for their meeting—she found him a sort of miniature Mirabeau. Usually, comparisons were less complimentary. He was declared to be uglier than Douglas Jerrold from whom children ran away; and Jerrold once said the chimpanzee in the zoölogical gardens died from jealousy because there existed in George Henry Lewes a creature more hideous than itself. Though Carlyle overcoming prejudice called him prince of journalists, Mrs. Carlyle continued to dub him "the Ape!"

All through their courtship the two were helping each other to grind away at the writing by which they lived. At last their companionship became so precious that they decided to take what was then the terrible and irrevocable step of going away together. Marian writes to a close woman friend who has disapproved utterly of what she has done:

> One thing I can tell you in few words. Light and easily broken ties are what I neither desire theoretically nor could live for practically. Women who are satisfied with such ties do *not* act as I have done—they obtain what they desire and are still invited to dinner.

"The tie" in their case was a particularly tender one.

They proved the most inseparable couple imaginable, and it was Lewes's encouragement that made a novelist (and incidentally a rich woman) of George Eliot. This point is very well brought out in this volume.

Miss Williams has in her possession a large number of hitherto unpublished letters and documents, so that this "Life" must in future always be referred to by those who write of George Eliot. Possibly the book owes some of its weaknesses to this fact. Miss Williams had already—before she had begun the act of writing—something of real value to give the reader, and thus knew she had not to depend entirely on the skill of her representation. But the book would have gained immensely, especially for American readers, if, for instance, there had been more background. George Eliot, who was born in 1819 and died in 1880, lived and wrote in an England that was changing rapidly. During the first part of her life came the miseries of the last enclosures of the common land, and the first miseries of the new, unregulated factories. She saw and suffered from the great age of Victorian complacency and achievement that succeeded the age of the Machine Wreckers, of Robert Owen, and of the Chartists with their diverse remedies for acute evils. Before she had finished her active life she had already lived through the time of most unwavering prosperity, the time when the whole of the upper middle class England was sure that the business virtues were the only virtues. English statesmen had already begun to offset the fact that other nations were catching Britain herself up in the race for trade by enlarging and developing the British Empire. In the sciences a series of great men were half afraid to tell the world the awkward philosophic consequences of their discoveries. In the world of art and letters the pre-Raphaelites, — uneasily aware that ever since the first two decades of the nineteenth century all had not been well with architecture, painting, or even the style in which ladies dressed,—were urging the world to "go back," back to the pre-machine age, back to craftsmanship and the simple life. One or two of these nostalgics get a mention in Miss Williams's pages—William Morris, the craftsman and poet who was also a socialist, for example — but the reader is hardly told a word of what that most observant person, George Eliot, thought of any phase of all these changes. Miss Williams's excuse may be that to a great extent George Eliot herself ignored them. But if so this, too, is a fact and a most astonishing one, the more astonishing because Mrs. Gaskell and Dickens and her friend Turgeniev the great Russian did not.

BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS

Again this biographer is rightly at pains

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to summarize the plots of all George Eliot's novels and tales, but tantalizingly omits to point and illustrate her summaries by quotations from one who was often a master both of humor and "fine writing." The reader longs for samples, but is seldom given the actual words except in the case of poems of which the less said the better. If Miss Williams pleads lack of space the reader may retort that many a painstaking travel itinerary could have been briefer. For George Eliot and George Lewes, like so many of their cultivated contemporaries, had a habit of rushing off to the Continent and then back to England which amounted to a compulsive tic. Travel, though still slow by our standards, was easier and quicker than it had ever been before, and the crinolined and top-hatted English were continually having a peck at Italy or a Swiss lake or mountain,—rushing uneasily off under some sudden compulsion. They all did it—Matthew Arnold, John Ruskin—all who could afford it. To know why would be to learn much about the Great Victorians.

But Miss Williams does give the world some new material for which all readers must be grateful. One of the most tonic is a long letter in which George Eliot is criticizing a manuscript sent her by a friend. He has asked her to edit it and she begs him first to deal with an old fault, that of producing "A sort of watery volume that requires to be reduced by evaporation."

> I have a logical objection [she goes on] to the phrases "it would seem," "it would appear," "we would remark." Would—under what condition? The real meaning is—it *does* seem, it *does* appear, we *do* remark . . . Such sentences as "Wishing to connect himself with, and consequently to secure the countenance of, some of the most influential," etc., are only admissible under inexorable necessity. They make a style seem operose and unwieldy. Ease is the grand desideratum, next to clearness. . . ."

It is heartening, too, to know that she expressed herself to her publishers as so delighted with the sales of "Daniel Deronda" as to be "past all whooping," and that she abhorred the way in which Biblical subjects are too often treated for the young.

The final phase of George Eliot's life, when, Lewes being dead, and she over sixty, she married a young admirer, is admirably treated here. The reader is made to sympathize and to understand both her action and his and to feel the reality of the young husband's sorrow when, after a few months, death took Marian Cross to lie in Highgate Cemetery besides her life's partner, George Henry Lewes.

Mrs. Williams-Ellis, daughter of St. Loe Strachey and sister of John Strachey, was at one time the literary editor of the London Spectator. *She is the author of a number of books and made exhaustive studies of the Victorian period in preparing her "The Tragedy of John Ruskin."*

"We Are Never Bored"

AROUND THE WORLD IN ELEVEN YEARS. By Patience, Richard, and John Abbe. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY CARR BENÉT

MISS ABBE is my favorite new author. This is a book to recommend heartily, without reservations. First, secondly, and thirdly for entertainment. If anyone could need more than that, as a frank travel book . . . for while Miss Abbe is less interested in the height of towers and the age of cathedrals than Herr Baedeker, she gives quite as vivid a picture of the countries in which she has lived. For the reader who must have, at all cost, a serious purpose—say a child psychologist—I suggest that

RICHARD, PATIENCE, AND JOHN ABBE

On the way to school in Berlin.

it might be read also for the child's relation to a temperamental, loyal family group, or for the way the tri-lingual child discovers English.

Patience Abbe is the eleven year old daughter of James Abbe, an international photographer, and his wife, formerly Polly Platt of the New York stage. Aided by her brothers, Richard and John, she has set down the memoirs of her wandering life. Paris, Berlin, Moscow,—huts or rich hotel rooms hung with blue satin, pass rapidly before our eyes. Then the trio return to America and we get an account of the Eastern seaboard and the Far West. Birth to eleven years. What a life! "We are never bored," says Patience in her last chapter.

Patience has three qualities of the good writer. Honesty, vitality, and the camera eye (possibly inherited from her father). She also has extraordinary zest for life and the ability to meet interesting people and instantly call them aunt and uncle. It *would* be M. Clemenceau, for instance, who teased her about her two names. She has a flair for significant detail.

This book proves one of my favorite theses—that children arrive at the truth far more quickly than we do because they depend on observation and intuition only, both qualities more highly developed in the child than the adult, and they are unhampered by an accumulation of so-called facts. Look at Patience's summary of the difference between Russia and America:

> But people in America are not afraid of President Roosevelt like the Russians are afraid of Stalin. They get as white as snow when you say "Stalin" in Russia.

I have read far longer and duller books on this subject that did not say so much. As for France, "It is a crime to make a Frenchman lose anything"; and "You can go to jail for hitting anyone in Paris, that is why the French people argue so. You can't do anything to the French for arguing." New York is "nervous," but exciting. In Iowa,

> They were nice people and always said "Hello" first to you when they saw you, like they did in Berlin say "Morgen" or "n'abend," or in Paris where they said always, whether they knew you or not, "Bonjour, Madame."

Always through the international background, we get a picture of the Abbe family. Mamma who is "excitable" but who "prefers rich things." The brother, who in a school where everyone gets prizes, gets a prize "for tranquillité." Papa, who doesn't care for money "a very poor business man, but who does no one any harm," who telephones from Moscow "that he had photographed Stalin, but we didn't get any money." And that unforgettable and universal family scene: "So Papa said, 'It is quiet here and I will write a book,' and Mamma said, 'I doubt it.' And Mamma was right." How is that for conciseness!

Patience says she is going to be a dancer, an ambition with which I have great sympathy. And if Patience says so, she will do it undoubtedly. But I hope that literature will always be her *violon d'Ingres*. It would be too bad to sacrifice that keen eye even to the lightest of flying feet.

Patience Abbe has more kinship with Pepys than Daisy Ashford, though she may be compared to both. Like Pepys who "was with child to see any strange thing" she says, "I, Patience, want to see everything." She has made a fine beginning.

Rosemary Carr Benét is the wife of Stephen Vincent Benét. "Having transplanted two bi-lingual children," she writes, "I was fascinated by the Abbe trio, and their wanderings. It was our experience multiplied many times."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Mandarin on the Road

Guava Jelly

AT meals in airplanes
They serve guava jelly,
So tensile and viscous
That even if the ship
Does one of her swoons
It won't fall off the knife.

O little *chinoiseries*
May you also cling
To the knife-blade of Now:
Adhesive enough
That the flying reader
May spread relishing thought
On his own slice of life.

Constraint

Why, said the Old Mandarin,
Does one wear evening dress to make speeches?
I am suspicious of the kind of thoughts people think
When they are all dressed up.
Besides, he added, my formal robes
Are now much too tight.

Nucifer

Why is it, pondered the old statesman,
Strolling the grounds of the State Capitol
In Columbus,
That government buildings are always
The haunt of squirrels?

Diabetes

In books, as in life,
An excess of sugar
Does not promote
Longevity.

Acknowledgement

Chicago was thought to be
Scornful of the East
But not long ago, in a sudden gambit
She tossed away a whole hour of her life
To adopt our New York Time.

An hour apiece, for 3½ million people—
Four hundred and fifty years.
What a gesture!
Old Loopy, bless her competitive heart,
Will do anything
To catch up.

Calling All Cars

A white miscellaneous bitch, otherwise lovable,
Chases every car that comes by
With shrill suspicion and fracas
And has led into this detestable habit
All the other dogs of the region
Including many of more homogeneous lineage
Than herself.
Convinced by her that cars are hostile
One of them will presently prove it conclusively.

I shudder to watch them all
Asymptoting the wheels of the garbage truck
And see no wisdom whatever
To be drawn from my anxiety—
Save this: it's comforting to know
It isn't only human beings
Who run with joy to learn bad habits.

Ethics also have their inertia:
The aristocrat always apes the mongrel.

No Coaching

I went to the theatre
With the author of the successful play.
He insisted on explaining everything.
Told me what to watch,
The details of direction,
The errors of the property man,
The foibles of the star.
He anticipated all my surprises
And ruined the evening.
Never again!—and mark you
The greatest Author of all
Made no such mistake.

Caution

When I spoke at Northwestern University,
Said the travelling solipsist,
I strove to say nothing less than the truth
For I remembered it was there
They invented the Lie-Detector.

An Interview

Disregarding the Mandarin's mumblings
The reporter dashed off an interview
In which he fed into the visitor's mouth
The reporter's own favorite notions.

Excellent notions, no doubt, grieved the old sage,
Only they don't happen to be mine.
But, he added resignedly,
This remains the oldest
Labor-saving device of journalism.
Even Moses did exactly the same
When he went for an interview on Mount Sinai.

Hegelian Antithesis

When, as a child, I noticed
That coal and ice were always sold
By the same merchant
I first suspected
The irremediable duplicity of the world.

Exceptis Excipiendis

Partner, sidekick, pal, old friend of mine
(Cried Chancellor Mu Kow,
Benign with Burgundy and cheese soufflé)
I trust you everything: life, fortune, fair repute. . . .
But I noticed the swift anguish
With which he retrieved, when he dropped it,
His little red book of Telephone Numbers.

Adler Planetarium (Chicago)

I longed for Chaucer, and Little Lewis his son. . . .
Well may Dr. Philip Fox, director of the Planetarium
Say of the Zeiss Projector
(Which loomed above us like a huge ant)
"No more versatile instrument was ever invented."
It shows 9000 separate stars
In their courses and relativities
And, at the worst, "accumulates a residual error"
Of one degree in 5000 mimic years.
Each individual lens
Has a lid to its eye, weighted with mercury,
To close when its star goes below horizon.

"Sunset and evening star
And after that the dark. . . ."
In 3000 B.C. the Southern Cross was visible in Chicago,
And in 14000 A.D. will be again
And here, in the city reputed lawless,
I read the Park Commission's hopeful words:—
The perfect obedience to law shown in the heavens
May serve as an inspiration for the guidance of men.

Perhaps nothing of man's make was ever so strong
To put a sense of poetry in the mind.
I left in the mood of Wordsworth,
"Disturbed with the joy of elevated thoughts."

Hotel Vignettes

I.

In a bedroom at the Deshler-Wallick
(A cheerful hotel in Columbus)
Photographers had been shooting
A lot of pictures
And filled the waste-basket
With dead bulbs.

They had gone, and there entered
The colored chambermaid.
"Lan sake, mistuh, *all* yo' lights buhn out?"
Embarrassed, the O. M. replied:
"They were taking pictures for the papers."

She looked anxious round the room.
Then, resolute against deception,
Fixed him with doubting gaze, and cried
"Of *what?*"

II.

Checked in at the Congress in Chicago
I went straight to the phone

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And asked the lady, Will you get Room Service?
Sweet voice replied, in Middle-Western phrase,
You-bet-I-will. Then, as with Mrs. Browning,
The silver answer rang—*Food, or Beverage?*

I had forgotten that dichotomy.
Lady, I said, I really do not know,
For all I want is ice. I have the rest.
Which is ice reckoned, Beverage or Food?
My priestess pondered just a flash, to weigh
The riddle; answered, *Ice is Beverage.*

III.

Some are troubled
Because Walt Whitman's Birthplace
Has not been bought as a Memorial.
But any great poet is also born
In the heart of the reader
Discovering his magic for the first or thousandth time.

One of Walt's birthplaces
Is room 1906 at the Congress Hotel
Where, last Sunday, Endymion and I
Read the 1855 Preface
In a glory of laughing denial and tumultuous assent.

Words are stronger than houses;
They are raised from silence
And born again.

IV.

To Eddie Macmillan of Dayton,
Friendly bellhop in the Hotel Van Cleve,
The Old Mandarin confided the priceless formula
For the Northwest's great invention
The Daffodil Parade:
A spring elixir and febrifuge
A pungent prestissimo
Of honey, fruit-juice, sherry, bitters, gin.*

When customers apply for same
At the Van Cleve's genial Wagonwheel Bar
O. M. hopes that Eddie, or the bartender,
Will credit an assist
To the *Saturday Review.*

V.

During recent floods
I saw a news-photograph
Of a lady in a rowboat
Registering at the desk
Of the Hotel Bond in Hartford.

And I thought, O punctual parable
Of the meaning of literature:
Man, in his leaking punt of civilization
Adrift on the swollen stream of Hitherhence,
But striving, in his moment,
To sign his name in the book.

* Printed here from Merrill's Almanac, March 28.

Hoan of Milwaukee

CITY MANAGEMENT. By Daniel W. Hoan. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES P. TAFT

DANIEL W. HOAN was elected city solicitor of Milwaukee in 1910 on the Socialist ticket when for the first time the Socialists secured a plurality and elected their mayor. In the two succeeding elections, the Democrats and Republicans combined against the Socialists and were victorious, but Mr. Hoan became the candidate for mayor in 1916, won a clear majority and has been mayor ever since. It is most appropriate that for his twentieth anniversary he should write this interesting book.

DANIEL W. HOAN

It is not really a history except for some statistical tables and a number of reminiscences of personal experiences in fighting municipal graft and corruption. It is rather an analysis of the civic and political elements in the large American city which have to be harnessed in order to secure good government. It is also a story of the administrative side of the well-run city. The description of Milwaukee's finances, health, police, fire department, safety campaigns, planning, education, recreation, and relief is especially well done, and in these the city is outstanding.

The book is also something of a homily on socialism. For instance, we hear of the land value tax; soaking the rich ("four per cent . . . own eighty per cent of the national wealth"); a conspiracy of bankers; "the absorption of three-fourths of independent business into corporate, bank-controlled chain organizations"; "the real cause of depression: the inability of workers to buy back what they produce"; and even the economic interpretation of history quoted from the Communist Manifesto. Except for municipal ownership, the connection of all this with good municipal administration is rather doubtful, but it does add color to the very interesting impression of a fine old man who has given his life to honest public service achieved in spite of bitter opposition, coming fairly constantly from many of those "good citizens" who ought to know better and yet are constantly found supporting corrupt political machines and making a "front" for them. The book is a success story that should encourage many communities.

Mr. Hoan was especially successful in that essential feature of good government, the handling of his public relations. He created a mayor's advisory council of representatives from all civic organizations (except the Chamber of Commerce and the labor unions) and presented important municipal programs to this group for its discussion and vote.

Mr. Hoan does, however, have his limitations. He does not understand the metropolitan regional problem, which is one of the most troublesome questions in political science today. It is not sufficient to damn suburbs for taking metropolitan benefits without paying taxes: you must find some program to which they can lend their support without losing their independence, for annexation is no longer possible. His praise of CWA indicates some lack of understanding of the relief problem, but then that was handled by the county rather than by the city of Milwaukee anyway. He does not know as much about municipal administration of other cities as he might, and his definition of a cash basis, with which I have disagreed with him before, is naïve to say the least. He defines it as having enough cash to meet all expenditures during the financial year if all taxes levied had been paid.

Nevertheless, the accomplishment of pulling Milwaukee from what was really insolvency to the point where they pay as they go, without the assistance of mandatory state laws such as we have in Ohio and over opposition of important business interests, is an enduring monument to Daniel Hoan's principles and persistence. The tone of the whole book is an insistence on the welfare of the individual citizen as the main object of municipal government. More power to Daniel Hoan!

Charles P. Taft, a son of President Taft, is a lawyer who has been a member of the City Charter Commission and is the author of "City Management—The Cincinnati Experiment."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Protecting the Consumer

AMERICAN CHAMBER OF HORRORS: The Truth About Food and Drugs. By Ruth deForest Lamb. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $2.50.

GUINEA PIGS NO MORE. By J. B. Mathews with an appendix by Oscar S. Cox. New York: Covici-Friede. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by YANDELL HENDERSON

ON January 1, 1907, the present Food and Drugs Act went into effect. Who, that was then of age, does not remember the fierce struggle that was required to force that Act through Congress? Who does not remember also the conditions that led to it: the "embalmed beef" alleged to have been fed to our citizen soldiers in the Spanish War; and Upton Sinclair's "Jungle," and the suspicion that occasional bits of employee came on our dinner tables in the products of the Chicago packing houses; and the strenuous support of Theodore Roosevelt, swinging the "big stick," gnashing his teeth, and declaiming from the White House for "human rights above property rights"; and above all the fierce crusading zeal of that rugged and ruthless champion for truth in the label and cleanliness under the label, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley?

That Act has assured to the American people cleanliness and wholesomeness in their food under virtual guarantee of the government; and it has assured to the food industries a market such as they never could have had without that guarantee. It was probably the most valuable piece of social legislation ever passed by Congress.

Yet the "Pure Food" law was bitterly contested at every stage of its passage through Congress, and not only then, but also in its many battles in the courts for almost three decades. Nor was the opposition confined to the "organized forces of greed." Much that conscientious conservatives condemn most earnestly in the New Deal today was implicit in that Act. Surely "the Fathers never intended" that the Constitution should allow the Federal Government to exercise any such authority in any such manner; bureaucratic government, delegation of legislative authority, and infringement of the right (or whatever it legally is) that allows every American citizen to swindle and poison his fellow citizens, limited only by the clumsy machinery of the courts. It was a first step toward replacing eighteenth century "horse and buggy" legalistic government by such government as science is gradually making possible.

The first of the two books here under review tells this story; tells it fully, clearly, accurately, interestingly, without sentimentality or exaggeration, essentially as Mr. W. G. Campbell, Chief of the Food and Drug Administration himself would tell it, if he were free from the restrictions of his office. The author is in effect the mouthpiece of the Food and Drug Administration, for she has been its chief education officer.

We learn first of the many defects and loopholes in the law, now nearly thirty years old, particularly in regard to patent medicines. Truthful labeling can be, and is, enforced; but advertising is subject to no such limitation. A horse liniment of turpentine, ammonia, eggs, and water can be urged upon the multitude of kindly, respectable, ignorant, gullible, unprotected people through newspapers and magazines and over the radio as a cure for

RUTH DE FOREST LAMB

tuberculosis, pneumonia, cancer, syphilis, infantile paralysis, diabetes, rheumatism, and nearly every other ill that flesh is heir to. And if the producer can persuade a jury that he really believes what he claims, he is safe, no matter what the size of the harvest of needless deaths for which he should properly be held responsible. Nor can the administration stop the sale of such cosmetics as the "Lashlure" that has already caused many cases of disfigurement, some of blindness, and at least one death (see "before" and "after" on page 17 of the book). All that it can do is to collect photographs of the victims, specimens of Crazy Crystals, bottles of radium water, Wizard Oil, Humbug Oil, Gar-gol, Vapo-Cresoline, Bayle's Quaker Balm, Marshall's Canker Cure, etc., etc., and exhibit them in the Chamber of Horrors from which this book takes its primary title.

Much else that all should know is here set forth. When Dr. Rexford G. Tugwell became Assistant Secretary of Agriculture he found on his desk a letter awaiting his signature; it was drafted by Mr. W. G. Campbell. He asked its reason; then inquired into the difficulties of the Food and Drugs Administration; then went to the White House; and came back with the message that "the President has authorized a revision of the Food and Drugs Act." That revision is at least twenty years overdue. It was drafted, not by Dr. Tugwell, much as he has been blamed for it, and creditable as is his part in obtaining the President's approval. It was drafted by Mr. Campbell and his associates of the Food and Drugs Administration on the basis of their long experience.

So far so good; but even in these days of alleged dictatorship a bill that the Executive Branch advocates for the public welfare requires some Member of Congress as its sponsor. And no gentleman, who has from time to time to be reëlected, would wish his name to be connected with such political dynamite as this attempt to control, indeed to abolish, the most lucrative of all our many rackets. It is to the credit of Senator Royal S. Copeland that he took the bill in hand and has faced the hard and thankless task of steering it through the Senate without losing all its improvements over the old Wiley Law. At this point the pages of this book are of serious political interest; for we learn from pages 309-14 that the three senators who have been most active in amending the bill have been Messrs. Bailey, Clark, and Vandenberg. And the interest of this lies in the fact that political prophets pick Senator Vandenberg as "leading dark horse" for the Republican nomination to the Presidency.

Just here I, the reviewer, am strongly tempted to discuss not only the book before me, but also the great cause it advocates. For this I have a reason. I was one of three outside scientific men who, on invitation, went to Washington and attended the first public hearing on the Copeland bill on December 7, 1933. Drs. Haven Emerson and Allen Freeman were the other two and we urged its passage in full strength, or even further strengthened. In particular I called attention to a substance—dinitrophenol—that had then recently been shown to be highly effective in stimulating metabolism and decreasing obesity, but that is also deadly in overdosage. I predicted that it would soon appear in many patent medicines and cause many deaths. Now I find on page 96 of this book a list of thirteen preparations by as many concerns, each with its fancy name, containing this drug and promising slimming to its users. And in the medical journals now are reported the deaths that I predicted and that will continue to multiply until the Food and Drugs Administration is empowered by the Copeland Act, or some other act, to protect innocent vanity from the vampires of the drug trade that some senators prefer to protect from governmental control.

The bill is now in the House of Representatives; and we may hope that Mr. Vergil E. Chapman, chairman of the sub-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

committee in charge of it, may succeed in restoring some of the teeth that were extracted in the Senate. Fortunately Mr. Chapman, like Mr. Campbell and his associates in the Food and Drugs Administration, appears to be—as a patent medicine man expressed it—among those who are "prejudiced in favor of the public."

Turning now to Mr. J. B. Mathews's "Guinea Pigs No More," we have a book on the same general subject, but otherwise much inferior. It mistakes complaint for evidence. At best it is merely a brief for Consumers' Research. Its author wants the establishment of a "Department of the Consumer" in Washington with a Secretary in the President's Cabinet. But he fails to show what this secretary and department could do beyond what the Food and Drugs Administration will do, if given adequate legal authority. The author of this book would do well to read M. W. Childs's recent book on "Sweden: the Middle Way" and to ponder what is there set forth regarding cooperative shops under consumer control as means of eliminating the fleecing of consumers with which "Guinea Pigs No More" chiefly deals.

Yandell Henderson is professor of applied physiology at Yale University.

Feminine Fiction

(*Continued from page 4*)

a certain equipment behind the effort. Many of these authors manage to present characters that, with a little luck and an elastic pocketbook, could easily be reproduced by any female between eighteen and forty. There are no moral complications to prevent such mass production.

I referred to Ruth Ashmore as legendary. She passed out of existence in my youth. For a time, her column was followed by another, called "Dolly's Economical Ways." Dolly's whole purpose in life was to show girls with no money how to compete, in effectiveness, with the well-to-do. I remember an instance of her ways. Two sisters had been invited to the opera. Clothes, of a sort, they had; but no "opera bag." Without an opera bag, they could not—at the turn of the century—go. Despairingly, they sought the garret. On a nail hung Father's faded, long-discarded evening coat. They cut off the tails of the evening coat; a bit of white satin was found for a lining; and by sewing the tails together they made an opera bag "of a striking and original shape." With it, they went happily to the opera. The "striking and original shape" —which looked (they hoped) so French, so intentional—fostered their pride and saw them through.

Materially, we have got far beyond Dolly and her ways, though morally, I think, we are about where we were. No lady novelist would permit her heroine to attend the opera with a bag made out of Father's coattails. Her readers would cry shame upon her. But if the bag is right, the characters may still be made out of coattails. All that is asked is that the bag shall be right. Sophistication may be limited to objects, clothes, and knowledge of how to address a waiter. The well-bred heroine who has married the rich young *parvenu* is shocked by his desire that she should wear her jewels in the morning. She is shocked by evidence that he is a social climber. She is shocked by discovering that he has thought it permissible to lie, in the course of a flirtation, to an entirely promiscuous young woman of their acquaintance. When he crashes in an autogiro, she finds that she can do without him, and is entirely happy to resume an interrupted romance with a well-bred kinsman, to whom the ancestral home is sacred. (If I mistake not, the *parvenu* husband wanted a house with more bathrooms, and more room for entertaining.) But the author has renounced both realism and romantic consistency. Morally speaking, the only fact she contrives to get across to the reader is the fact of romantic passion spontaneously upspringing between the well-bred heroine and the rich and handsome parvenu. Indeed, though he was unable to reform, in her sense, he killed himself (so we are permitted to suppose) because he could not live without her love. Confronted with her problem—which is to forget her once overwhelming passion for her husband and transfer it to the man of her own blood—she finds a formula. "There was nothing to be loyal to"; her husband was like "a tempest—or a tree." (Only tempests and trees do not crash for love. . . .) Therefore she can erase the past with no infidelity to the high standards of her race. We leave her happy, stroking a Meissen shepherdess which the parvenu husband never really appreciated.

Objects, as we all know, can be important, both in life and in fiction. In Henry James's "The Spoils of Poynton," the spoils stood for a life's endeavor which had turned a sensitive woman into a monomaniac. Poynton was created rather by devotion than by wealth, and the glory, as well as the tragedy, of Poynton was to be unreproduceable. When Poynton burns, Poynton is gone forever. The lady novelist, who must flatter her readers, must show them nothing that cannot be reproduced. They *must* be able to copy the heroines. It follows that the characters can have little individuality. One's sympathy with the purveyors of feminine fiction rises when one realizes the narcissism of their public; still more, when one perceives that the stock-in-trade of their predecessors no longer suffices. Neither Ouida nor Gene Stratton Porter could make the grade today, I fear. Virtue may not longer be unaware of vice, or the great world of the underworld. The hard-boiled school has seen to that. The poor authors must be "knowing," and sophistication, today, must cover the flouters, as well as the followers, of tradition. It is a difficult task that women readers impose on the lady novelist: at once to flatter them and to teach them all the ways of the wicked world. Small wonder that, permitted neither unflattering realism nor romantic consistency, she falls back on the faceless mannequin and the easy symbolism of price tags.

Blanche Colton Williams's biography of George Eliot (reviewed on page 10) gives an account of an essay by George Eliot, written in 1856, on the lady novelists of her time. This suggested to the editors an article on the popular women novelists of today. We asked Mrs. Gerould to undertake this in her own way; the foregoing article is the result.

Photos on cover to be credited as follows: Alice Duer Miller, Curtis Bell; Temple Bailey, Bachrach; Margaret Widdemer, Marceau.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

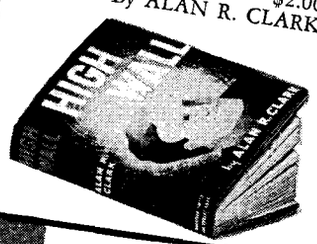
Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE SHIELD OF SILENCE *Edwin Balmer and Philip Wylie* (Stokes: $2.)	Mystery of Lucien Myrand who killed, kept quiet and took his medicine solved by daughter's boy-friend.	If you don't mind yarns whose solutions lie in providentially discovered documents you'll like this one.	Entertaining
I'LL GRIND THEIR BONES *Theodore Roscoe* (Dodge: $2.)	European diplomats ostensibly slay each other, precipitating war. Yankee news-ace scotches real villains.	Lurid melodrama with rather ridiculous semi-windup and "mystery" solution that has been used better before.	10-20-30
THE ATLANTIC CITY MURDER MYSTERY *Norman Goldsmith* (Macaulay: $2.)	Shore realtor very dead from shooting and stabbing—but Tolleroy uncovers real way he died.	Much gore, some gaudy melodrama and an eye-popping (literally—and horribly) solution.	Diverting
MURDER AT 28:10 *Newton Gayle* (Scribners: $2.)	Glass reads 28:10 during Puerto Rican hurricane when U. S. politician gets bumped off with Jim Greer nearby.	Hurricane blows the clues around, confusing the characters, but keeping reader excited amid much action.	O.K.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Novels from
RANDOM HOUSE
20 EAST 57 ST., N Y

HIGH WALL

For everyone who read PRIVATE WORLDS . . . "If you want a thrill for a jaded pulse, read it . . . warranted to take you out of yourself."—*N Y Times Book Review.* $2.00.
By ALAN R. CLARK.



RED NECK

A first rate labor novel . . . It keeps you hot on the trail from the first chapter to the last page." —*Herald-Tribune "Books"* $2.00
By McALISTER COLEMAN and STEPHEN RAUSHENBUSH

FLEA CIRCUS

A penetrating novel of city life today by "a born writer, with an extraordinarily well-developed bump of curiosity about all things human." — *Book-of-the-Month Club News.* $2.00.
By BETTINA LINN

American Musical Culture

COLLEGE MUSIC: An Investigation. By Randall Thompson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROGER SESSIONS

FROM one standpoint, two independent currents may be observed in the musical life of the United States. The most spectacular activities in our concert and operatic life are furnished by imported talent, which offers a relatively standardized repertoire of well known classics and the better established or more innocuous contemporaries, to an audience which in large part is willing to accept its musical tastes at second hand. Another current, however, is represented by the widespread and multiform gropings towards a deeper and more authentic musical culture. While these two currents have achieved, in certain cases, a successful fusion, they remain still to a large extent separate from, and even alien to, each other. The first-mentioned, which at its best provides the highest of standards in musical performance and which is indispensable to the musical growth of the country, is still, and in spite of the fact that it rests so overwhelmingly on imported products, generally accepted as the representative American "musical culture"; the second expresses itself in the work of a handful of talented and serious composers, together with a mass of incompetent ones, a growing number of excellent performers, and a number of activities, varied in aim and scope and motley in character, most of which contribute in some respect to the musical vitality of the American public—a public which is still very immature and naive and self-distrustful but which is undoubtedly growing in musical knowledge and even in musical wisdom.

Mr. Thompson's book is the result of a nation-wide survey of one of the most important of these activities: the contribution to music made by American colleges and universities. The survey was undertaken in 1932 and 1933, and consisted chiefly of observations made at thirty representative institutions from Oregon to Texas, from Massachusetts to southern California. Mr. Thompson has brought to these investigations the equipment and point of view of a distinguished musician who is also a man of genuine culture and broad understanding. His report, terse and clear-cut in form and admirably concrete in its choice and presentation of evidential facts, is written with humor and insight which make it a pleasure to read in spite of the statistical nature of much of its contents.

Part One of the book is descriptive, embodying a broad and able summary of the curricula in use at the various institutions, and of the most typical and striking methods of teaching in prevalent use. For anyone interested in, and acquainted with, musical and educational conditions in this country, it makes interesting if at times painful reading. The weaknesses of American education,—its lack of coordination and of consistently underlying educational philosophy, the insufficiency of the credit system, the indirect, academic, and sentimental approach to the fine arts—an attitude incompatible with real seriousness—reveal themselves here for the most part in their crudest aspects.

The second and third parts contain respectively Mr. Thompson's criticisms and his constructive suggestions. He brings forward a very definite conception of the ends to be achieved through liberal education and of the type of curriculum best suited to these ends. His thesis regarding the place of music in such a curriculum has aroused considerable controversy in certain quarters, and the opposing views of dissenting members of his sponsoring committee are included in the book in the form of supplementary statements. The chief point of issue regards the granting of credits for work in "applied," or what is sometimes with a rather naive lack of understanding called, "practical" music;—the activity of the performer as opposed to the composer, the critic, or the historian of music. Why the training of the composer should be classed as "theory" is a question which has puzzled many intelligent and qualified observers, and the tendency to make such a classification is at the basis of many anomalies and misconceptions prevalent in the United States. Thompson and, above all, his critics, seem insufficiently conscious of the importance of this distinction. The argument is based on the thesis that applied music is a *skill* rather than an academic subject, and Mr. Thompson seems to pass over the overwhelming extent to which harmony, counterpoint, and the other branches of what is generally called musical theory, are also skills. Many of the shortcomings of American musical achievement would seem to result largely from the prevalence in musical instruction of precisely this conception, which envisages harmony and counterpoint as studies in style rather than disciplines in the mastery of materials, and "form" as the study of typical patterns and usages rather than of musical logic and architecture. In essence, these subjects, while inseparable from a minimum amount of theory, have somewhat the same relationship to musical history and literature as has the study of grammar and composition to the history of literature. They are for this reason certainly in essence a skill, a technique, even though for the purposes of educational theory a further distinction must be made between such technique and the overwhelming proportion of purely physical dexterity involved in mastering an instrument or the voice. But Mr. Thompson's conclusion, in fact,—that instrumental and ensemble music should be encouraged as much as possible but not credited towards academic degrees,—seems to the writer justified in principle, and confirmed by the very interesting array of facts which he adduces in support of it. His arguments, very detailed and well documented, are presented with sincerity and feeling, and are far superior in cogency, as well as in tone, to those of his critics, who seem somewhat less than candid in their attempt to convey the impression that it is mu-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sical education itself, rather than a certain phase of university policy, which is on trial here.

The final part embodies Mr. Thompson's constructive suggestions, of which the guiding principle is his thesis that instruction in music itself, and not techniques of performance, should be the basis of the university curriculum. His recommendations are kept on a sufficiently broad basis to admit of widely differing means of application, and yet are definite enough in their main features to provide a very real framework on which concrete policies may be constructed. It is true that the present writer cannot completely share Mr. Thompson's implied faith in the historical approach to musical problems or, to a lesser degree, his assumption of the importance, at this time and in the United States, of musicological study as it is generally practised today. It seems to him that precisely what is most lacking in the present-day American public is a direct and self-confident response to music as well as to the other arts; that our public is over-instructed and under-experienced. If this is true it is not to be remedied by substituting good teachers for bad or mediocre ones, but rather by laying emphasis on music, in its pure essence, as a subtle and infinitely complex experience of the ear and the mind, rather than on the circumstances or by-products which in one way or another cling to it, as history, sociology, or esthetic theory. The public as a whole must above all learn to hear and to enjoy, and to exercise its own peculiar creative faculties; and if study is to help this it will do so through emphasizing music itself, and relegating musical history, which tends towards eclecticism and skeptical self-distrust, and musicological research, which outside certain narrow limits is not music at all, to a relatively second role. From this point of view we would make Mr. Thompson's program a little less broad, emphasizing the studies of the misnamed "theory," and of musical literature, with history as the natural by-product of a really adequate knowledge of the latter. Such an emendation, however, does not by any means invalidate Mr. Thompson's main arguments, which will undoubtedly play an inestimable and wholly beneficent role in the shaping of future academic policies regarding music.

Roger Sessions, a well known American composer, has given courses in music at several American colleges.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 106)

THOMAS HOOD—"MORNING MEDITATIONS."

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,
Who used to haste the dewy grass among,
"To meet the sun upon the upland lawn"—
Well—he died young.

So here I'll lie, my morning calls deferring . . .

A man that's fond precociously of stirring
Must be a spoon.

"Creates a personality which was a legend."

THE TRAGEDY OF NIJINSKY

by Anatole Bourman and D. Lyman

"Of all the books touching upon the major controversy of recent ballet history this is by far the richest, most quietly sincere, and deeply moving. It has been written by the one man who could write it—Nijinsky's boyhood and lifelong companion. What a tale! It is replete with the most amazing bursts of passion which carried men up to fame or down to defeat as showers of jewels, jealousies which were insane in their intensity!"—*Sterling North in Chicago Daily News.* Illustrated. $3.00

3rd LARGE PRINTING

PROPAGANDA and the NEWS

by Will Irwin

Presenting for the first time an anecdotal history of the news as a force in civilization—its origin, its growth and its gradual corruption by propagandists. "The book is an excellent summary of why people think as they do and what, if anything, can be done about it."—*Stanley Walker, author of "City Editor," in N. Y. Herald Tribune "Books."* $2.75

FIRST AID for the AILING HOUSE

by Roger B. Whitman

Detailed answers to 6,000 questions of interest to every householder, by the New York Sun authority on house repair problems. "Extremely valuable."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.00

TOWARD SOCIAL SECURITY

by Eveline M. Burns

"Vigorous and vitalizing exposition of the Social Security Act and of the important fundamental issues involved . . . Will enlarge and enrich any reader's understanding."—*N. Y. Times.* $2.00

GETTING ALONG WITH PEOPLE

by Milton Wright

A practical book, showing you how to secure not only the liking but the respect and the cooperation of others through the application of sound, common sense principles. $2.50

ENCHANTED ACRE

by Gove Hambidge

A delightful book about the lure of the land and the possibilities of country living, by a man who quit a city desk and took time to live. Illustrated. $2.50

SOCIAL SECURITY in the UNITED STATES

by Paul H. Douglas. An illuminating analysis and appraisal of the legal and administrative phases of the Social Security Act, including the complete text of the Act and suggestions how it may be made more effective. "The author has accomplished a masterly task."—Abraham Epstein in *The Nation.* $3.00

THROUGH THE TELESCOPE

by Edward Arthur Fath. "Of all the recent popular books on astronomy this is the easiest to read."—*N. Y. Sun.* An up-to-date, lively account of the stars as seen through the modern, long-range telescopes at the Lick and Mt. Wilson observatories. An illustrated tour of the heavens under the direction of a famous astronomer. Over 100 illustrations reproduced by aquatone. $2.75

WHITTLESEY HOUSE McGraw-Hill Book Co., N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

TWO of the most interesting of the younger poets are again before us with new volumes, one an American and one English. *Paul Engle*, an Iowan who is now a Rhodes Scholar at Merton College, Oxford, first came into popularity through his "American Song," published two years ago. A former first book of 1932, "Worn Earth," had appeared in the Yale Series of Younger Poets, but though there was evidence of power in it, it had received little attention. "American Song," full of youth and gusto, provoked controversy, being hailed on the one hand too much in the big American bandwagon spirit, and on the other, by critics of the Left as windy ballyhoo. The fact that it was bought in large quantities was also immediately set against it by those who always feel that any book that appeals to a large public must necessarily be shoddy. It was not a shoddy book. If it indulged in a certain amount of star-spangled enthusiasm, at least it did so with the sincere ebullience of youth; which is something the average reader will always understand much better than the cerebral cryptogram. The poet who wrote "Orion," and his pledge to earth, and his celebration of Shelley, was a young poet intensely alive. There was easy power in him. There is still a facility he needs to chasten, but there is even more the direct forcefulness, the powerful phrase, and a new tonic bitterness—begotten of a deeper study of the world today, since his mind has delved deeper into philosophy and economics.

This new volume might be criticized on two counts: one for the facility I have mentioned which is apt to run on at too great length; two, for a certain monotony of method both in the blank verse and the lyrical interludes. But Mr. Engle has important things to say in this book, and he gets them said without fear or favor. Whether he is exhorting in American slang or otherwise, it is with anger against injustice as well as love of what the American spirit might stand for.

You've panhandled your own people, you've betrayed
The faith of a hundred million, the deep soil
That lengthened your skeleton, the nervous wind
That lifted your cheek bone, the dream of men
A hundred and fifty years ago, who looked
At a thin line of towns by the sea's edge
Huddled, up the tidewater to the first
Lean mountain, and said—
Here is a new thing.
Here is another twist of life in the world's
Lift of men to the sunlight. We have torn
A new son from the tired guts of Europe,
Cut the navel string, left it here on a strange
Shore to suckle on maple sap and milkweed,
Grow up half wolf-boy and half god, to thumb
His nose at a far home he has not seen.
Here is a new people—
America
You have betrayed that people.

England, Germany, Vienna, Russia are also invoked in this strong verse. Conservatives will not like the fine praise of Lenin or how Russia inspires Engle to cry

Come, dream of every nation made
Part of one huge nation of the world,
Of that world moving out through space and time
One sphere and mood of human dignity,
Come now into your being, from these steppes
Wander the ultimate last inch of land
Wider than air, and enter it like rain,
Move through the oceans with a whale's pride, till
You and gigantic earth together move
In the shape and body of a living man
Grinding the winds beneath your feet and striding
The light between the stars.

There is too much in this book to catch it in a brief review. As to imagery, Engle is at his best when he is drawing on primitive American life for it, the life of the Indian, the life of the pioneer. His touch is not always certain. He could have spent more time on this book to its advantage in phrase. But he strikes me as a young man whose intelligence is expanding and whose grip is strong.

C. Day Lewis is the one of the new English triumvirate, *Auden-Spender-Lewis*, who has expounded their intention, analyzed their influences, and has constituted himself spokesman for the group. His new book, "A Time to Dance," also includes a modern morality play, "Noah and the Waters," and three essays on "Revolution in Writing." In other words Mr. Lewis is partly poetic and partly polemic. His "Johnny Head-in-Air" is a fine ballad of the choice of the revolutionary idealist:

Out of their crimson-hearted east
A living day shall dawn,
Out of their agonies a rare
And equal race be born.

A better poem, actually, is the sonnet on the crumbling of a strong man. "A Time to Dance," partly a celebration of two heroic fliers, has moments of great lift; and Mr. Lewis, like Mr. Auden, also explores the satiric method. His essays are worth reading if only to discover one hardy young man's discussion of what the communist attitude should be toward poetry. Yes, you should read Day Lewis.

THE
EDUCATION OF
CHAUCER
By George A. Plimpton
This book, based entirely on manuscripts in Mr. Plimpton's library, is illustrated with 110 facsimiles from the books in use at Chaucer's time. "Great value for librarians and for any reader interested in the medieval period or in Chaucer."—*Saturday Review of Literature.* $2.00
By the same author
THE EDUCATION OF SHAKESPEARE
With many illustrations from actual texts used at the time. $2.00
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 Fifth Avenue, New York

A Vivid, Panoramic History of the World's Most Dramatic Struggle
Says the N. Y. Times: "An album of gorgeous backgrounds rendered in the grand manner by a Napoleonic pen." Writes the Baltimore Sun: "Mr. Belloc is one of the few writers who know how to make the geography of a whole countryside perfectly familiar to readers who never have been there."
A book bound to be required reading for every student of history and religion in the years to come.
(Published by LIPPINCOTT)
THE BATTLEGROUND
SYRIA AND PALESTINE
With 16 illustrations, 7 maps. $4
By Hilaire Belloc

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Biography

ELIZABETHAN WOMEN. By Gamaliel Bradford. Edited by Harold Ogden White. Houghton Mifflin. 1936. $3.

The posthumous publication of a writer's early work rarely adds to his reputation. This is doubly true of an author whose talents matured as late as did those of Gamaliel Bradford. The twelve essays included in this volume, only two of which have been previously published, were written between 1890 and 1910, in the period before Mr. Bradford discovered his real forte. As studies of the women of Elizabethan times, they reveal a genuine love for the life of the age and a considerable acquaintance with its literature. But, as a whole, they are lacking in the very qualities for which Mr. Bradford's later work is notable. One feels that his capacity for insight and understanding are as yet incompletely developed.

That the essays should seem dated is to be expected. Both in manner and content there is something indefinably prewar about them. No informed writer of today, even in a brief historical introduction, could possibly pillory the Middle Ages as "in the main a history of darkness, oppression, and tumult," nor could he regard the Renaissance as quite so revolutionary as does Mr. Bradford. Moreover, in dealing with the women of Dekker, Middleton, Webster, and the others, he allows analysis to be displaced by narrative. That is, his text, although it is not without brilliant sentences and shrewd observations, often becomes little more than the summary of a dramatist's plot. It is hard to escape the feeling that one is reading a series of university extension lectures. The book has less importance as an achievement than as an early chapter in the evolution of a man of letters.

D. O.

Fiction

OFFSPRING. By Clare Sheridan. Putnams. 1936. $2.50.

Her reputation being already established as a sculptor and foreign correspondent, but chiefly as one of the most independent and adventurous women of her time, quite a number of people will wonder what sort of novel Clare Sheridan can write. To judge by this one, in the first part of it—it is in three parts—we feel rather as though we were reading Ouida again. Sometimes she writes very badly. In the second part, however, the story becomes much more real, and inasmuch as she makes use of backgrounds she knows well and is treating the life of an adventurous woman somewhat like herself, the novel takes on reality. This is also because the son, Rory, in the book—idolized by his mother—is very much alive and both unusual and delightful.

Clare Sheridan's world is a sophisticated one, and both young and old in this book are hardly conventional, yet the author's language for the most part and her descriptions of situations—she is lavish of dialogue and sometimes it is dialogue stilted to the point of excruciation—are often strangely stereotyped. It is the constant change of scene that keeps one interested, the rapidity of the writing, and a certain glamour that clothes the men and women of the story—despite the melodrama and the romanticism that run wild in a somehow old-fashioned way through these pages.

The candor between mother and son is an interesting and original element in this book. But that cannot remedy the fact that this novel has no real significance; that the main character, the mother, often, as a friend in the book expresses it, works herself up into sentimental orgies—that the book really gets nowhere and that the writing is often meretricious. Nevertheless, it gives evidence again of Clare Sheridan's headlong vitality.

W. R. B.

EVER TOMORROW. By Eleanor Saltzman. Coward-McCann. 1936. $2.

The author of this first novel has purposely simplified and reduced her material until her story of an average Iowa farmer and his very average family becomes a somewhat colorless distillate of all the books on the subject which have been published in recent years. Born to farm, her Joe Mueller is a believable figure, and there can be no doubt that Miss Saltzman understands him and is equipped by experience to interpret his life, but her narrative seldom penetrates the surface of events. Most of her characters have no deep roots in the soil and no real tradition of loyalty to the land. Mueller is the exception, faced with the incomprehension of his wife and the cityward urge of his children. Even in his case, Miss Saltzman is unable to dispel the impression of shallowness and aridity which her book conveys, in spite of its fertile background. Her writing is clear and never pretentious, though at times she overindulges a tendency to facile sentiment. Her book is a capable but not highly interesting performance.

T. P., Jr.

International

CHILE: LAND AND SOCIETY. By George McCutchen McBride. American Geographical Society.

This is one of the best books describing the social and economic structure of a Latin-American country which have so far appeared. McBride has spent considerable time in Chile; he has observed with open eyes and an inquiring mind, and he gives us a vivid and sympathetic picture of Chilean society and of the rural organization upon which it is based.

The best parts of the book are the purely descriptive chapters, especially those on the rural laborer, the types of haciendas, and the conquest of the southern frontier. The historical sections, tracing the origins of the hacienda from colonial times and its political influence as

By EDITH HAMILTON

Author of
"The Greek Way"
"The Roman Way"

THE Prophets OF Israel

MISS HAMILTON writes: "Truths of the spirit are true always. The prophets understood them as no men have more, and in their pages we can find ourselves. Our aspirations are there, our desires for humanity. They knew what lies deepest in men's hearts and they gave it an expression so magnificent and so truthful, it still speaks for us today." The Prophets were men of extraordinary minds, able to reflect greatly upon human life and to see deep into human nature. They were men of passion and fire. Miss Hamilton brings these ancient Hebrews to life for us as she did the ancient Greeks and Romans in her earlier immensely popular volumes, and at the same time interprets their significance for us today. $2.50

W. W. NORTON & CO. 70 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reflected in the history of the Chilean Republic, are less satisfactory. The general argument is sound, but the contributory details are often inexact, incomplete, or marred by inconsistencies. All of which merely signifies that the author is more a geographer than a historian. His treatment, in particular, of the colonial *encomienda* is confused and inaccurate, and sometimes contradicted by evidence he adduces. In his survey of modern Chilean history, he is inclined to bend everything to maintain his central thesis, with the result that only half the story is told. However, "Chile: Land and Society" is a welcome contribution to the scant literature in its field.

C. H. H.

Miscellaneous

MYTHOLOGIE GÉNÉRALE. Published under the direction of Félix Guirand. Paris: Librairie Larousse. 1935.

This is an extremely handsome paper-bound large volume, constituting an encyclopædia of all the mythologies, with copious illustration and expensive colored plates. It is, naturally, in French, but constitutes an invaluable comprehensive book of reference. The legendry of all times and lands is here gathered together and conveniently arranged. The quality of the reproductions is excellent.

W. R. B.

Discovery!
Frightened Angels
BY
JOANNA CANNAN
An amazing story of a shy, gentle English schoolmaster who finds himself a murderer. "Able and very intense. It is difficult to do justice to this absorbing and very unusual novel."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* "Written with a restraint which intensifies the emotional value of the author's material. Extraordinarily vivid."
N.Y. Herald Tribune. $2.00
HARPERS

The Compleat Collector

RARE BOOKS: CONDUCTED BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Fine Printing and is conducted by Carl Purington Rollins

Errata

IF there has been detectable on occasion in the prose of Ernest Hemingway a certain brusque insistence on the constitutionality of the rabbit punch it may signify nothing more than an understandable reaction to the frequency with which he has been a helpless victim of cacography. Certainly, so far as Mr. Hemingway is entitled to judge (and that is pretty far), they order this matter better in France, where his first two books were issued.

His introduction to an American audience in an American book was the inclusion of "My Old Man" in "The Best Short Stories of 1923," edited by Edward J. O'Brien. In the table of contents, the first page of the story's text, two copyright notices, six running heads, one index, and, worst of all, one dedication—twelve times altogether—he is called Hemenway. He appears only once in the collection, in the list of best books of short stories of 1923, as Hemingway. But all credit to Mr. O'Brien and his publishers for discovering him, even if they didn't quite catch his name.

The jacket of "The Sun Also Rises" in its first state credited Hemingway with the authorship of "In Our Times." The jacket of "Men Without Women" declared that the collection embraced thirteen short stories, whereas the table of contents listed fourteen—the English edition has the same error. But fate had a doughtier buffet in store. The flap of "A Farewell to Arms," in designating the heroine as Katharine Barclay, attained a veritable saturation point of error. Her creator might well have cried with Sherlock Holmes on the occasion when the latter delegated to Dr. Watson the investigation of the disappearance of Lady Frances Carfax: "I cannot at the moment recall any possible blunder which you have omitted." For Hemingway had christened his lady Catherine Barkley.

One might assume, after all this, that when Mr. Hemingway's publishers put "Green Hills of Africa" in train they would have gone over every detail of the production with a pair of micrometers. In spite of this the dummy jacket called the author Heminway, but this ultimate (to date) wrong was put right on the jacket of the finished book.

How do blunders of this sort get born? How did Dr. Johnson come to misdefine pastern? "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance." But it was not ignorance that turned Catherine Barkley into Katharine Barclay with manuscript or proof sheets at hand. Ignorance would have made her Susie Jones or Mary Smith. It was laziness and carelessness, singly or in tandem—and in combination they are hard to beat. Publishing, it should be added, probably assays for as low a proportion of slipshoddy as any calling, but to its disadvantage is the fact that it works in a medium that fixes its shortcomings in a rigor of permanence. And while any error in a printed book or its attendant publicity and advertising may be due directly to any one of a hundred individuals who are concerned in its fashioning, it is the publisher himself (not in propria persona, but as "the house") that must serve as the culprit of last resort, the final repository of the roving buck.

Mark Twain wrote, in an exacerbated moment: "First God made idiots. That was for practice. Then he made proofreaders." But one cannot blame everything on proofreaders. Were it not for proofroom alertness there would be many more editorial idiocies. There are, of course, proofroom whimsies that will be forever incapable of eradication, and among these is a bullheaded reluctance to follow copy beyond the utmost bound of human thought. A proofreader simply cannot let bad enough alone. A striking instance of this *idée fixe* is to be found in the earliest copies of Anita Loos's "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Miss Loos's heroine, a consistent and logical misspeller, titled one of her chapters "Paris is Devine." "It shall not pass!" cried the proofroom, and margined an *i* for an *e* in the table of contents. But Miss Loos or her publisher or both said nay, and the *e* was restored.

Many publishers' errors are due only to a simple unwillingness to stretch out a hand for a single volume of an encyclopædia. Such a procedure would have prevented the blurbing of a recent New York edition of a life of John Huss as the biography of a Swiss reformer (the author has not been the same man since—he is Benito Mussolini). It would have forestalled an advance-matter description of "The Story of San Michele" as a "marvelous travel book." Alexei Tolstoi, author of "Darkness and Dawn," is not a "descendant of the famous Leo Tolstoi," despite the casual conclusion-jump of his American sponsors. More egregious is the blunder (of a not uncommon sort) whereby a recent somewhat deluxey edition of Shakespeare's sonnets, billed as "now faithfully reproduced from the original edition of 1609," proved on inspection to be a reprint of Nicholas Rowe's edition of 1714.

VIVE LE ROY
When one of the greatest masters of English prose produces a first rate mystery story, and has such a glorious time doing it, the result is bound to be exciting news for readers. A Novel by
FORD MADOX FORD
At all bookstores $2.50 (LIPPINCOTT)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WANTED

One Million Books

BIOGRAPHY
DETECTIVE STORIES
RELIGIOUS WORKS
DICTIONARIES
TEXT BOOKS

FICTION
TECHNICAL BOOKS
CHILDREN'S STORIES
REFERENCE BOOKS
MAGAZINES

Anything in the Way of Reading Matter—New or Old

URGENT requests for over 800,000 books have been received to date from 600 hospitals, institutions, orphanages, prisons and charitable organizations of Greater New York. Their curtailed budgets have prohibited book-buying. Their patients and inmates are greatly in need of books. All types of books are asked for; not necessarily new books, but books you have read and are willing to pass on where they will be appreciated. The inmates were consulted as to their preferences.

Book Sharing Week Committee Hopes to Fill that Need!

WILL YOU HELP?
How Many Books Will You Give?

WARDEN LEWIS E. LAWES and Mrs. Sherman Post Haight are co-chairmen of this large committee of public-spirited men and women, with branch units working under able local chairmen in each of the five boroughs of New York City as well as in Westchester County, nearby Connecticut and Long Island. A survey recently undertaken by Warden Lawes (to ascertain whether the need for books among institutions was as great as his personal experience had led him to believe it was) resulted in applications for 800,000 books. In an effort to meet that need, BOOK SHARING WEEK COMMITTEE was organized. The Committee has headquarters at the HOTEL BILTMORE, Mezzanine Floor, telephone MUrray Hill 2-7920.

If you live outside the New York area and wish to contribute books (prepaid) the Committee will receive them gratefully.

APRIL 16-23 IS BOOK SHARING WEEK

This will mark the culmination of the drive now under way to collect, sort, classify and re-distribute to the institutions ONE MILLION BOOKS.

Book Receiving Stations are available in each borough, open daily 9:30 A. M. to 10:00 P. M.

Please take your books to the nearest receiving station:

Manhattan:	S. E. Corner Park Ave. and 59th St.
Bronx:	105th F. A. Armory, Franklin Ave. and 166th St., or Rogers Building, Fordham Road and Webster Ave.
Brooklyn:	1164A Flatbush Ave. (store) or Sears, Roebuck & Co., Bedford Ave. and Beverly Road.
Queens:	Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Queens Plaza, Long Island City.
Staten Island:	26 Richmond Terrace.

OR: SEND IN THIS COUPON AND A VOLUNTEER WORKER WILL CALL FOR YOUR BOOKS.

To: **Book Sharing Week Committee**
Hotel Biltmore, New York

I shall be glad to contribute.....(no.) books if you will have them called for at the following time and place.

Books will be ready by.....(date) and may be called for between.....a. m. and.....a. m.
.....p. m.....p. m.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

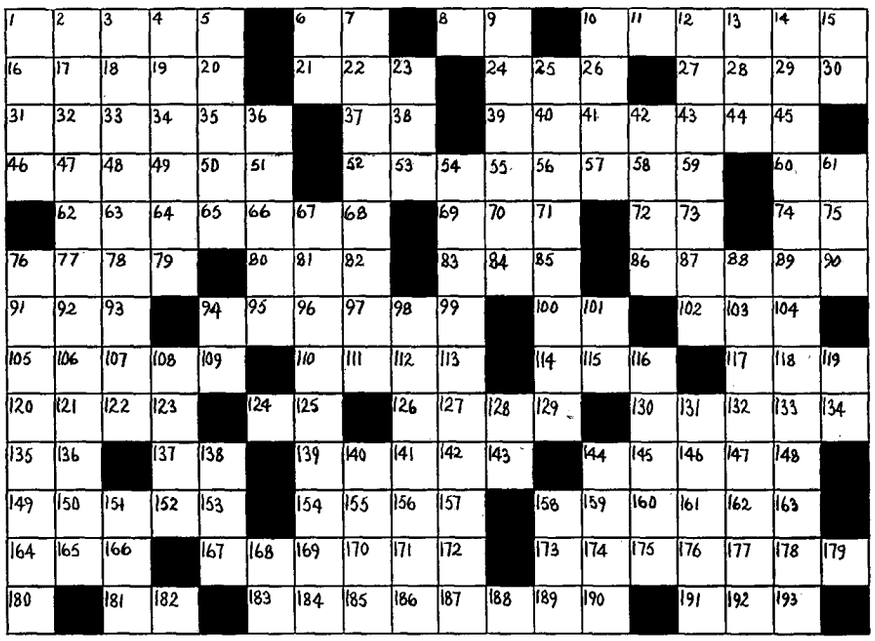
Phone Number .....

☐ Please send me information about your buffet supper April 15, and hobby luncheon April 20, at which many famous authors will "talk as they please."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Double-Crostics: No. 107

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. English statesman (1725-1767).

II. Obstinately narrow in thought.

III. Excessively excited.

IV. Ill-adjusted person or thing.

V. Omission of last letter or syllable of a word.

VI. Author of "Book of Philip Sparrow" (1460-1529).

VII. A mood of arrogance (2 words).

VIII. Descended from Noah's second son.

IX. Steady; not moved.

X. River that rose to drown Achilles.

XI. Expended profusely.

XII. Exhausted of energy.

XIII. Globe history division (Hindus).

XIV. Inclined.

XV. Freed.

XVI. Turned rapidly.

XVII. Authoritative.

XVIII. Shakespearean character.

XIX. Disinterested.

XX. Insulting.

XXI. Legendary equestrienne.

XXII. Of rare quality.

XXIII. Matters of concern.

XXIV. Resounding.

XXV. Author of "Prisoner of Zenda."

XXVI. Periods of time.

WORDS

102 60 110 70 7 25 116 81 161

67 18 82 87 130 72 65 151 71

106 135 179 172 139 185 124 91 35 63 51

39 141 88 73 97 17

69 187 22 48 37 144 112

153 42 3 169 83 100 163

2 77 66 154 143 191 107 180 171

111 175 120 181 24 6 75

177 98 182 149 55 128 121 20

47 155 79 114 103 147 36

90 16 52 33 166 158 31 190

174 30 61 189 68 136

138 167 99 74

150 62 15 132 76

28 44 21 131 123 92 5 119 162 109

1 105 57 32 12 157 45

89 38 101 133 56 164 40 11

137 146 184 58 19 126

145 41 160 186 193 125 134 54 13 122 176

78 173 192 46 34 148 159 14 53

117 9 152 170 156 95

4 26 142 115 49 23 96 84 104

10 29 94 127 43 178 183

188 108 80 8 168 85 113 165

140 64 50 93

59 129 118 86 27

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

DELIGHTED to hear that Mildred Smith, of the editorial staff of the *Publishers' Weekly*, has been elected secretary of the R. R. Bowker Co. (publishers of the *P. W.*) She takes the place of John A. Holden, who is retiring at 81, after 66 years in the trade. ☞Poor old Quercus is puzzled indeed by one of Harcourt Brace's ads (N. Y. *Times* last Sunday) for Phil Stong. Mr. Stong, says the ad, is "as American as Grant Wood but gentler, more human than that artist." ☞What calculus or highest human denominator is there by which these two excellent fellows are to be compared? Which is more human, a writer or a painter? ☞And why compare them, anyhow? ☞To Q's ruminative mind this seems a very odd innovation.

☞Rand, McNally publishes at ten cents, for distribution through the United Cigar stores, a 64-page book containing the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, and the Gettysburg Address, illustrated, board bound in red, white and blue, and a very nice little piece of bookmaking. ☞We are reproved for a regrettable lapse by a valued reader from North Carolina writing in *The Manettism* —"for the people of Manetta—the Only Newspaper in the World that Has Its Every Word Read by Over a Hundred Per Cent of Its Subscribers"—

> One cannot help but feel depressed or disappointed or something when his favorite magazine comes out with a picture of a woman with a cigarette on the front cover. The picture on last week's *Saturday Review of Literature* was labelled, I believe, "G. B. Stern." I disrecollect just what the "G. B." stands for in this instance, but with a person who has his picture taken with a cigarette, to me, it stands for "Good-by."

☞Pleased to learn that the Grand Prize selected by the Kappa Gamma Pi Honorary Society of Cleveland for their recent short story contest was a year's subscription to the *SRL*. Fifty-two congratulations to the winner, Miss Janice Jones of Lakewood, Ohio. ☞The Book and Magazine Guild is going to have a Spring Dance at its headquarters, 106 West 39, on April 17.

☞Speaking of Atlases, we'd admire to see the new edition of the Oxford Advanced Atlas ($3.50). ☞Freda Tilden, of Olympia, Wash., sends a pleasant note about Anna Blom's bookshop in that city. ☞Anna Blom is a Russian woman who has lived 35 years in this country. She started her book business in Aberdeen, Wash., in 1922, and in 1935 moved to Olympia where her shop has already become a favorite rendezvous for book-lovers. Our correspondent describes it alluringly: "On East Fourth Street it nestles between a tailor shop and a drug store, but Olympia people have learned this is a place to go, to browse among rare volumes, skim the latest biographies, read the jackets of the best sellers, study the old maps, and finally, to sit down at the tea table, back by the fat-bellied stove, and have a cup of Russian tea with Anna, while she tells you the story of the samovar."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING rates for this Classified Department are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any less number of insertions 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department G. H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

AMERICANA

AMERICANA BOUGHT-AMERICAN SOLD
Americana Sold —Americana Bought.
Americana Bought —Americana Sold.
Americana Sold —Catalogues.
CHARLES P. EVERITT, 856 Lexington Avenue, N. Y.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

ALL KINDS BOUGHT AND SOLD. The E. T. Sutherlin Co., Danville, Virginia.

MAGAZINES — ONE OF THE LARGEST stocks of back numbers. Sharan's 4019 Broadway, N. Y. C.

FIRST EDITIONS

GOOD BOOKS. First editions of established worth. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS, CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNES, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OUTSTANDING AMERICAN FIRST EDITIONS. Catalogue gladly mailed. Charles K. Stotlemeyer, Hancock, Maryland.

FOREIGN

SOVIET BOOKS for children of pre-school age; consist almost entirely of colored illustrations. 15c-75c. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

GENERAL

BANNED BOOKS by Anne Lyon Haight. *From Homer to Hemingway.* With historical annotations. "For all censors professional and amateur." $1.50. R. R. Bowker Co., 62 West 45 St.

WHITE ON BLACK; BEING TWENTY BRUSH drawings by A. Raymond Katz. Loose in board portfolio. Beautifully reproduced. Available at $2.50 from sole agents. Argus Book Shop, 333 South Dearborn Street, Chicago.

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY AGENT. Books, stories, articles, and verse, criticized and marketed. Play, scenario and radio departments. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, Inc., General Electric Building, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

YOUR STORIES, NOVELS, BOOKS, FICTION, Non-fiction, placed, criticized, revised. Professional assistance in placement and publication. New authors invited. Write or send manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 W. 42nd St., New York.

YOUR MANUSCRIPTS may sell much sooner with competent, authoritative editorial guidance and collaboration. THOMAS H. UZZELL, faculty member N. Y. U., author of stories and articles in leading magazines, former fiction editor of Collier's, many years' experience teaching writers. Call, phone, or write. 629 Canadian Pacific Building, New York. VAnderbilt 3-1245.

MRS. ALFRED OWRE. Expert manuscript revision, editing, proofreading, typing; translations; research; preparation of articles, essays, addresses from authors' materials. Distinguished references. Reasonable rates. 16 East Twenty-third Street, New York. GRamercy 5-9526. 11:00-1:00 daily, except Saturdays.

MIMEOGRAPHING $1 PAGE, ADDITIONAL 100's 10c. ATTIC MIMEOGRAPHERS, 435 W. 119th, Manhattan, UNiversity 4-6262.

AUTHOR'S READER SERVICE. Experienced proofreader in both English and Spanish will undertake reading of proof; typing manuscripts and polishing same. University and publishers' experience and references. Address, Author's Service, P. O. Box 1312, New Haven, Conn.

CLASSIFIED

LITERARY SERVICES

WRITERS. Inquire about America's most fascinating literary club. FORTUNY'S, 21 West 31st.

RESEARCH FOR AUTHORS, LECTURERS, CLUBS. ELIZABETH WILKES, 318 West 84th St., New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FORMER LIBRARIAN specializes in supplying out-of-print and rare books. Also new books. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, City.

RARE BOOKS

RARE, OUT-OF-PRINT, New, USED, Occultism, Mysticism, Theosophy, Astrology. Philosophy, Psychology, Eastern Religions. The Gateway, 30 E. 60th St., New York.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES, Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 2300. An old time country inn. One hour from N. Y. Booklet R on request.

SURPRISE BOXES, Birthday or Convalescent, for children 3 to 10 yrs. Prices: $3.00, $5.00 and $10.00. Kindly give name, age, and favorite interest of child when ordering. "Windwards," P. O. Box 114, Wyncote, Pa.

"DON'T-SNORE"—Small, gold device. Prevents snoring, mouth-breathing. $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Circular free. D. K. Thaxly Company, Washington, D. C.

SUBLET June 1-October 1. $85. Charming four room garden apartment. Greenwich Village. Near all subways and buses. Box 170-B.

WOMAN wants interesting work. M.A., Columbia; eight years teaching English. Box 184-B.

JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT, why not have yourself weighed emotionally by the Danforth "PERSONALITY AUDIT"? It helps in fitting square pegs into square holes. Send your name and $1 for the audit form. By scientific methods developed at Stanford, Michigan, Colgate and Harvard Universities, we analyse your emotional reactions from your audit-form answers, and send you a report on the best spheres for your personality activities and development. DANFORTH ASSOCIATES, Dept. S, 581 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

INVITATION to intelligent, attractive girls of Cleveland and suburbs, late twenties or older, interested in outdoor sports and fine arts. Box 192-B.

CONTEMPORARY MISS, 26, would correspond with New York gentleman; any vintage —but cultured and discriminating! Box 191-B.

FOR YOUR PROGRAM. Talk on "Book Collecting Experiences" with exhibit. Third season. Small fee. Box 194-B.

YOUNG WRITER on relief wants livable room, attic or cellar (at relief rate), in Manhattan for completion of novel. Box 195-B.

TRILBY desires correspondence with cultured gentleman over fifty. Box 196-B.

ATTENTION! Writers, speakers, quotations and excerpts; unusual, large variety. Write for lists. Box 197-B.

WANTED: Author's assistant; capable plotter, detective pulps. Box 199-B.

WEEKENDERS! Enjoy spring at East Hampton, L. I. Charming old house can accommodate five. Box 204-B.

PERSONALS

WANTED, SINCERE CHILD-LOVERS to board bright, well-mannered two-year-old. Working mother can pay moderate fee. Knowledge of child-care and psychology essential. Box 198-B.

WANTED: Trip abroad in any capacity. Experience in teaching, tutoring, companion, nursery school; appearance not distressing; companionable; elastic tastes; age 24; feminine. Box 201-B.

EUROPE. Position wanted as nursery-governess, capable, experienced, good traveller. Visa, temporary, permanent; highest references. Box 202-B.

COLOPHONS WANTED. State price, condition. Box 203-B.

ANYBODY, especially young married couple, wishing to join small outfit for Wyoming summer pack trip. Write Box 200-B. Brook trout for breakfast but no caviar.

WOMAN of background and experience wants occupation, cook to administration. Box 205-B.

IS THERE a truly "darn fool" philanthropist willing to help a truly "darn fool" idealist realize an idle dream or two? Annie.

FINEST COFFEE you ever tasted. Preferred by connoisseurs for 35 years. Send one dollar for 3 lbs. of my "Special Blend." Money back if not satisfied. Richard H. Toeplitz, 67 Broad Street, New York.

IF YOU had devoted most of your life exclusively to making a living, and now found yourself with leisure time on your hands, and still with the ability, thank God, to become interested in many things, especially in the right company, how would you go about it to make life begin at sixty? Riding solitary hobby horses and bridge excluded. There might be a reward. Traveler.

IVORY NUTS, palm kernels; dried fish, canned tomatoes; smudges from winches, greasy hinges; clouds in the winnard; empty in the innard; green dress, red slippers; blue paper edged with silver—Thinking out loud? Bad habit! But—I DO IT TOO—so can't laugh at it!

HOW TO WRITE FOR RADIO! "The Gateway to Radio," a 320 page book with illustrations, written by Major Ivan Firth and Gladys Shaw Erskine, famous radio producers. $2.50 at all Bookstores, or from Macaulay, 381 4th Avenue, New York City.

DESPERATE FEMALE—Hope zoology Ph.D. in June. Bloody but unbowed by education. Scottish-Dutch ancestry. Age 29. Teaching experience 3 years. Wish research assistantship or instructing biology in progressive college or workers' school. Any interesting work with any variety of animal. Salary essential. Write Box 206-B.

ARTISTS' REPRESENTATIVE invites inquiries from commercial artists interested in new contacts. Box 207-B.

WOMAN owner of beautifully situated summer home on Maine coast will receive congenial woman as paying guest. Box 208-B.

WANT low rental house, two-three rooms, bath, garden, Connecticut or Westchester, 30 miles New York. Box 209-B.

WANTED correspondence with a man who likes adventure and isn't snooty about it. Age 23-30. Box 414, Annapolis, Maryland.

HE HOPES, HE DOES that a subtle, serious, single Miss, 28 to 32, sees this. Pikes Peaker.

EXPERIENCED STENOTYPIST, young man, seeks part-time work with writers who prefer dictating their rough-drafts. Arthur.

BUSINESS WOMAN OR GIRL, share 3 room village apartment, oriental rugs, original drawings, electric fans. Reasonable. Credentials exchanged. CHelsea 2-7235.

FIRELIGHT ENTERTAINMENTS — a portmanteau of material, ideas, bibliography for campfire programs, at change-purse price (80c). "Must" book for camp counselors, teachers, recreation workers. Furrow, 115 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn.

TEXAS GRADUATE STUDENT, 35, 70 inches, 155, healthy, personable, unattached, reliable, will do anything, anywhere, for expenses, June-September. Tutor, typist, researcher, companion, driver, what have you? ALAMO.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO RIDE from Vermont to Virginia in May? Good horses, competent supervision. Write Mitchell Sisters Stable, Stephens City, Virginia.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE N. Y. TIMES AND THE LONDON TIMES AGREE ON THE BIGGEST BOOK OF THE YEAR

LONDON TIMES:

"If all the world's books were suddenly destroyed, and this volume alone remained, mankind would still be rich in literature and culture."

These are only two of the many significant passages culled from reviews of —

A GOLDEN TREASURY OF THE WORLD'S WIT and WISDOM

Edited by **NORMAN LOCKRIDGE**

WE repeat not in the spirit of boasting but because they best describe the book's range and purpose. *A Golden Treasury of the World's Wit and Wisdom* is not just another history of Civilization, but a vital reproduction, in embryo, of every important idea man has entertained from the beginning of his fascinating career to the present day. The wisdom of life is not brought to you second-hand, but in the wise and witty language of the great philosophers and leaders of men themselves.

N. Y. TIMES:

"To turn the leaves of this sturdy volume is to be moved with admiration of the patience, discrimination and literary deftness with which the editor has made his enormous collection of aphorisms and epigrams, to feel awed by the vast amount of labor, pains and time he must have put into it, and warmed by gratitude that he has made so easily accessible such a treasury of wit and wisdom."

AS FOR EXAMPLE:

Who has not heard of the great French philosopher, Blaise Pascal? Or who does not know that Pascal made some important contributions to the sum total of the world's wisdom? Yet how many people know just what Pascal stood for, or why he loomed head and shoulders above the people of his time? For a reader of *The Golden Treasury* it is a very simple matter to learn—for Pascal is allowed to explain himself in his own clear, trenchant words:

"Two things instruct man about his whole nature—instinct and experience."

"It is not in the nature of man to go forward—it has its ebbs and flows."

"Man is but a reed, the feeblest of Nature's growths, but he is a thinking reed. There is no need for the whole universe to take up arms to crush him; a breath, a drop of water may prove fatal. But were the universe to kill him, he would still be more noble than his slayer; for man knows that he is crushed, but the universe does not know that it crushes him."

These are only three out of sixty-six paragraphs by means of which Pascal presents his important philosophy so that even a child can understand him.

In the same simple, unpretentious and straightforward manner all the giants of our civilization—from Lao-Tse of the ancient world to George Santayana of our own day—explain themselves. You cannot open to one of the 564 large luminous pages of this marvelous book without your eye being arrested by the appearance of some unusual idea, your mind stirred, and your heart quickened and pleased.

"With the exceptions of the works of Shakespeare and the King James version of the Bible, the most important book ever published in the English language," **wrote another enthusiastic commentator.**

AND again we quote, not to boast, but because the reviewer has brought to light another salient characteristic of A GOLDEN TREASURY OF THE WORLD'S WIT AND WISDOM. For, besides being *A Compendium of the Culture of the Ages*, it serves as a great and wise guide. And dare man, who climbs not Alp mountain nor enters Indian jungle without a guide, spurn a guide to lead him through the steeper and more treacherous ways of the every day world?

EVERY PHASE OF OUR EXISTENCE IS COVERED UNDER SUCH general headings as: *The Nature of Man and His Destiny, Adam (Ap)praises, Eve Coldly Appraises, Digressions on Meats Wines and Good Manners, Lawyers and Their Tricks, Doctors and Their Cures, Matters Appertaining to Trade, The Marriage Ring, Widows, Weeds and Widowers, etc., etc.*

FOR THE STUDENT OF LITERATURE THE BOOK IS A VERITABLE TREASURE HOUSE, FOR IN ADDITION TO THE RICH SECTIONS GIVEN OVER TO THE WITTICISMS OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, VOLTAIRE, SAMUEL BUTLER, TOLSTOI, HEINE, ZANGWILL, CHESTERTON, AND DOZENS OF OTHER FAMOUS WITS, THE BOOK ALSO CONTAINS—COMPLETE—TEN FAMOUS OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS OF EPIGRAMS AND APHORISMS ANY ONE OF WHICH IS WORTH THE PRICE OF THE ENTIRE VOLUME:

1. Lao-Tse's *Doctrine of Inaction.*
2. Oscar Wilde's *Oscariana.*
3. Rochefoucauld's *Maxims and Morals.*
4. Lord Halifax's *Maxims of State.*
5. *The Wisdom of Vauvenargues.*
6. Lady Blessington's *Moods.*
7. Comtesse Diane's *Aphorisms.*
8. Chamfort's *Cynic's Breviary.*
9. Le Bruyere's *Epigrammia.*
10. Jean Cocteau's *Cock and Harlequin.*

THE PHYSICAL BODY OF THE BOOK; A GOLDEN TREASURY OF THE WORLD'S WIT AND WISDOM is a large octavo of 564 pages, printed in two colors on white Garamond laid antique, bound in black buckram, stamped on both front cover and backbone, in gold, and sells for $4.

ORDER COUPON: ***Fill Out Carefully***

MR. ERIC HAMMOND
15 CENTRAL PK. WEST, N. Y. C.

Dear Sir: I am enclosing $4 for which please send me a copy of A GOLDEN TREASURY OF THE WORLD'S WIT AND WISDOM: also, free, a copy of Benjamin Franklin's famous SUPPRESSED LETTERS.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

REMARKS _____

FREE WITH EVERY PURCHASE

A copy of a rare edition of Benjamin Franklin's

SUPPRESSED LETTERS

delightfully produced in two colors on Brittany laid paper imported from France and limited to 750 copies.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED